

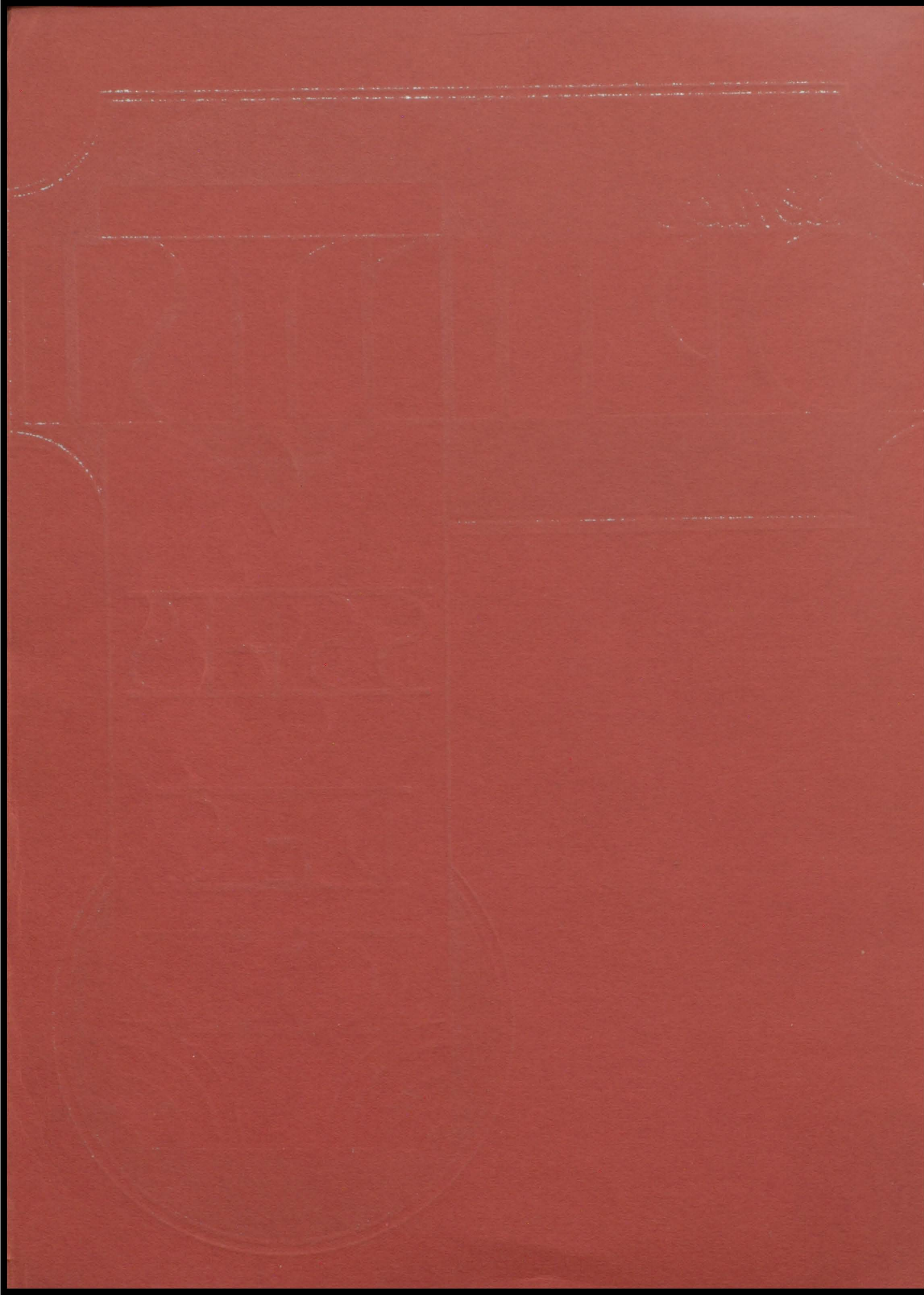
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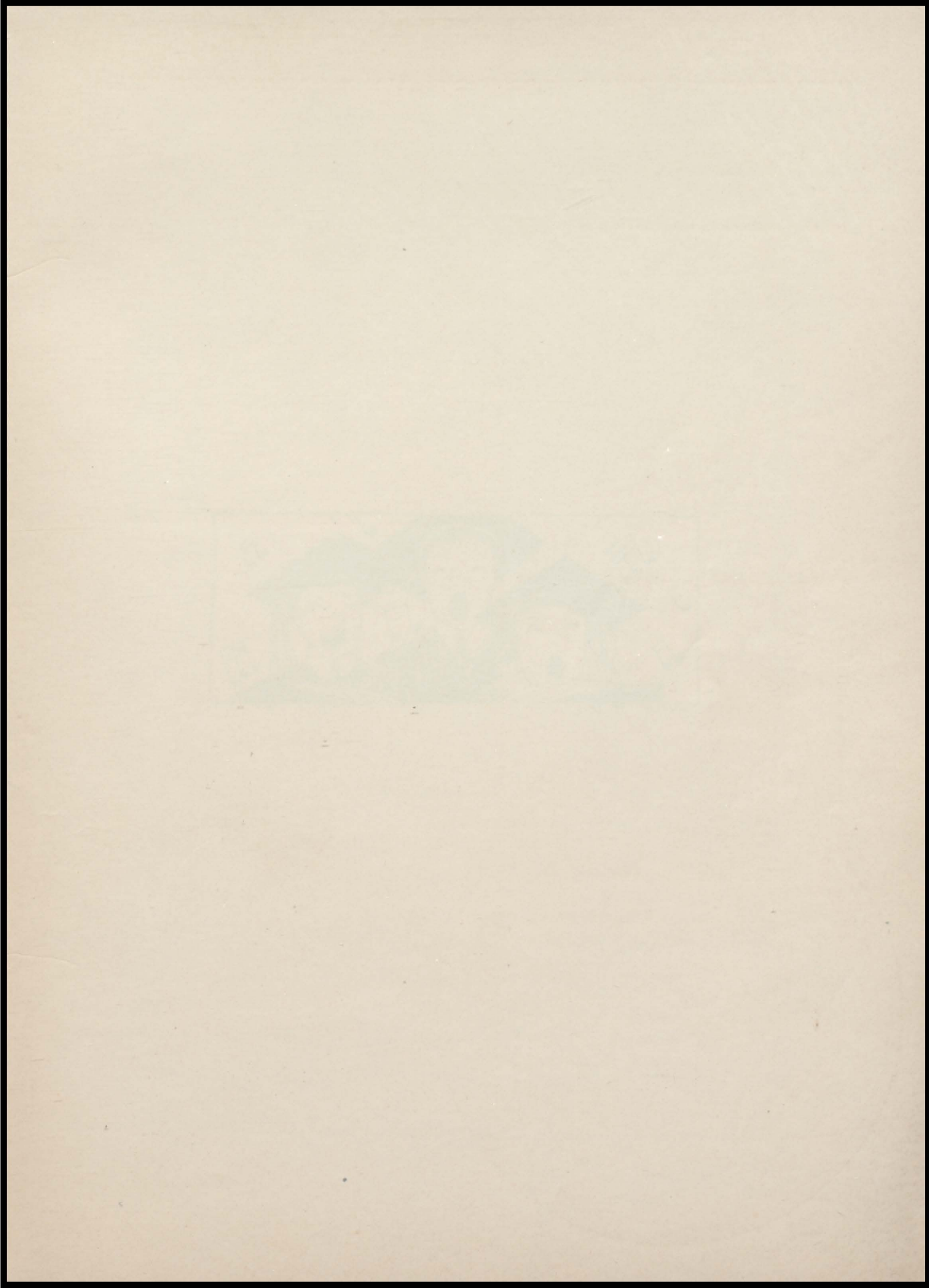
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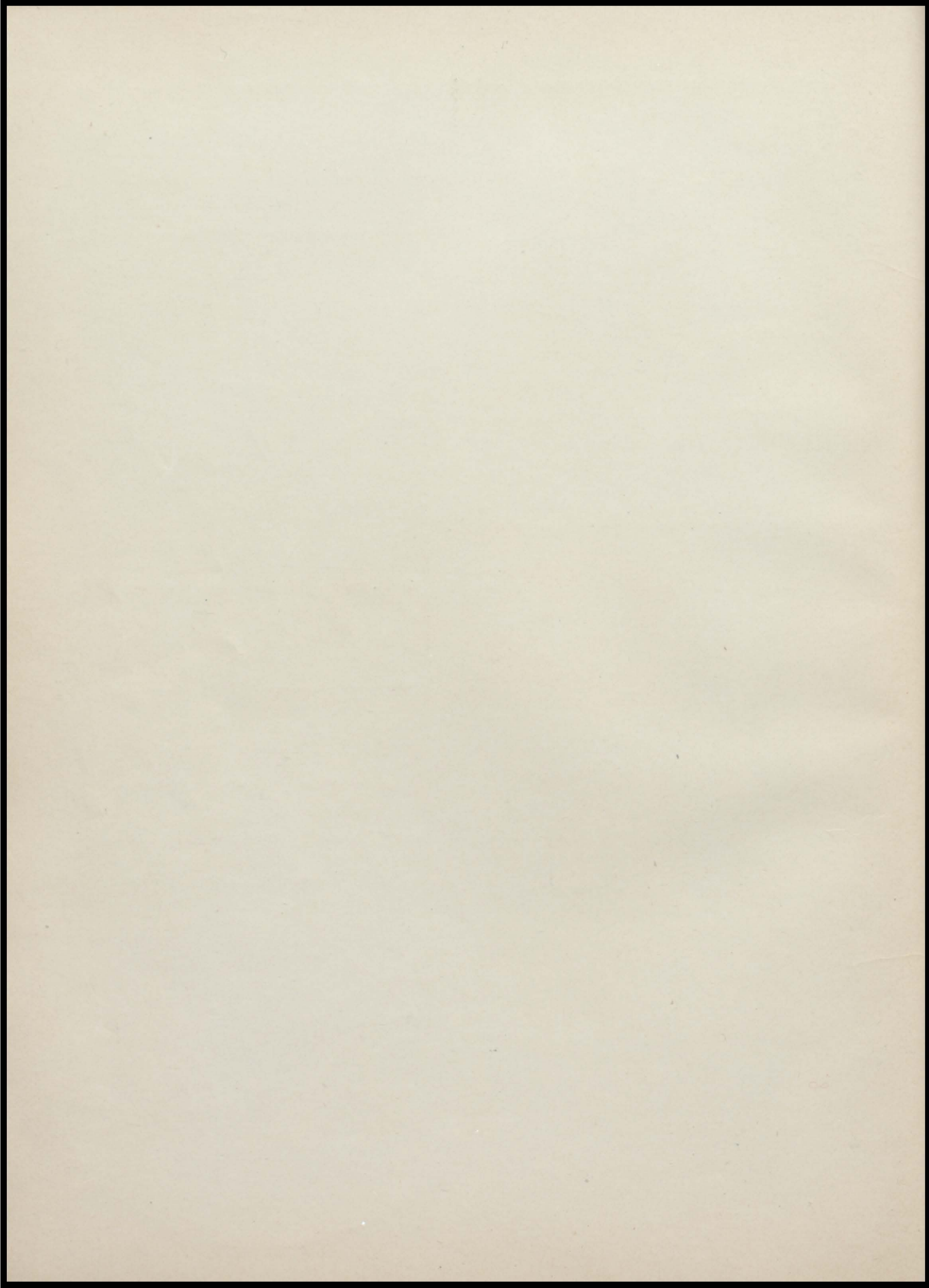
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A Co-Educational College of Liberal Arts

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AGNES D. WATT, *Registrar*

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*Our Friend and Adviser—
Franklin D. Strong*



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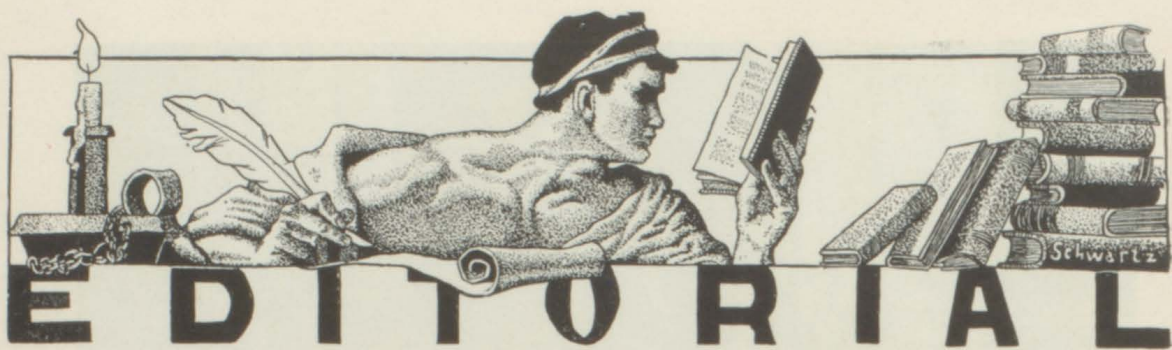
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WILLIAM FISHER

DEPRESSION—millions of men out of work, whole families starving, suffering thruout the entire civilized world—a desperate state of affairs.

Snug and contented in our warm homes, we students read in our papers terrible tales of want and privation; of the deeds of men driven to desperation by cold and hunger. We sigh, "My, my, these are sad times." Then we turn to the sporting page, and, becoming engrossed in an account of a current football game, give not another thought to the affairs of the world.

This is only natural; what has a high-school student to do with the depression? Carefree and unaffected by world troubles, our only worry in times when thousands of people don't know from where their next meal is coming, is whether we will have steaks or lamb chops for dinner.

In about a month, two hundred seniors will be graduated. Some, more fortunate than others, will enter college either in February or next September, but a great many will be forced to surrender themselves to the none-too-tender mercies of a harsh world. They will matriculate at the School of Hard Knocks; and at the present moment the knocks are harder and more frequent.

Jobs are scarce; wages, if any, are low. A great many of the class of February, 1933, will join the great Army of the Unemployed.

It is a known fact, however, that during periods of depression public institutions such as libraries and night-schools increase greatly in popularity. During these periods of forced inactivity many people find ample opportunity for reading and study.

Therefore, to those seniors who will not be able to enter college, we say take all possible advantage of your spare time; use our public library, go to night-school, attend lectures and concerts. In doing these things you will acquire either some vocational skill valuable in helping you to compete with those who have the advantage of a higher education, or some cultural satisfaction in the pursuit of knowledge, or the enjoyment of beautiful things.

* * * * *

We wish to take this opportunity to express the feeling of the whole of the class of February, 1933, in bidding good-bye to the members of the faculty who have worked with us during the past four years. To them we owe all that we have obtained from our high-school career. Therefore, it is with deep emotion that we say, "Farewell, friends and teachers."





PROLOGUE

By SYLVIA KONOWITZ

Romance—The brilliant ribbon on Life's dress—the gallant, fool-hardy, delicate bit of bravery on a robe bought to wash well. Romance—the cocky chip on a shoulder—the ruffling feather in a cap—the sweep of lashes on a blushing cheek. Romance—the richly carved box wherein lie our dreams.

QUIRK

By ANNE A. PERLMUTTER

IT was night. Cold, dark. In the wealthy residential section of the city the snow lay thick and white on the ground, sleek and well-groomed. In front of "Tony's Lunchroom" the snow was dirty and grimy, pounded and kicked about by many feet.

Inside it was warm. Behind the counter stood Tony, a tall, large-boned, middle-aged Italian. His black hair and mustache were streaked with gray, his olive-skinned face creased by kind wrinkles, his dark eyes gleamed with a far-away look. Shabbily dressed men were slumped over the tables, upon which their empty plates glistened, dirty with gristle and fat. Low tones rose from a group in the far corner of the room.

Suddenly a hush fell. A young girl appeared in the doorway. Her dark, exotic beauty, effectively framed by her luxuriantly furred white coat, in obvious contrast to the somewhat squalid surroundings, made her appearance startling.

Excitedly she called Tony aside and spoke to him, "I don't know you and you don't know me, but I must ask a favor of you. There is a young man who has been annoying me with his attentions. I hate him and I know he wants to marry me only for my money and social position. Now, I'll do the talking. You just keep still and here's ten dollars for you."

She called in a stiffly dressed young man, and

introduced him to Tony.

"Reggie," she said, "I have something to tell you. This man, Tony, is my father. When I was a year old I was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Cadwalder, whom you thought to be my parents. They have given me my education and position in society. I still love this man, my father, and will never renounce him. Now, Reggie, do you still want to marry me?"

"Why, Antonia, I don't understand. He cannot be your father! Then you're nothing but the daughter of a cheap hash-house owner! Why didn't you tell me this before?" He turned quickly and walked out, in high dudgeon.

Antonia smiled at Tony. "You see, he doesn't love me. Thank you."

She, too, hastened from the lunchroom, leaving Tony gazing after her, stupefied.

* * * * *

Before going to bed, Tony went to his desk and withdrew from a lower drawer a dust-covered diary. He turned to a page and read:

"Oct. 1, 1911.

"Today I gave little Tonia to Dr. and Mrs. Cadwalder. They can give her what I cannot and I know I can trust them. Her mother would be glad to know that Antonia will have her chance in the world. I wonder if I will ever see her again?"

Seven

TIDES

I

YOUTH

The sea crashes.
Its massive swells bolt
And surge,
And gather volume as they rush
Headlong
With the tide.

Dashing
Venomous on the sands
They shatter their heads
In lacy, swirling fragments
On the shore.

Now
Chastened,
Swiftly receding,
They yet sweep with them
Imprisoned,
The very sands
That broke their heads.

They carry them off,
Far out into their lonely fastnesses,
And drop them there,
And tread on them as they speed
Reincarnated and proud,
On to new conquest.

The sea crashes.
Its roar swells to a paean of joy
A throbbing, fresh-corded song
Of new power.

The sun,
With gay face, and open breast,
Laughs,
At the rash sea.
It winks.

II

MIDDLE AGE

The sea labours.
Dully patient,
Bearing another puffing tug to dock—
A bourgeois freighter;
Or a lordly, deep-hulled liner
Whose sharp keel sears its depths
In slashing strides.

Its face is dirty with oil
Settled in splotchy blemishes,
Its hair meshed by wayward sticks
Splintered from the stolid jetties
That keep it chained to duty.

The sea dreams, wistful,
Of freedom,
Of idle ease,
Of arrogant strength,
Of dashing feathered crests.
It sighs
In resigned rolls
That lap shyly 'gainst the strong jetties.

A steam barge settles
On its heaving shoulders.

The sun burns high
In white heat,
Powerful,
Impersonal,
Stronger than the Vulcanic fires
That in the iron foundries near the dock
Melt steel.
It melts men.

III

OLD AGE

The sea rests.
Lulled on the cradling tide—
Placid,
Warm,
Content
It nods,
And little, lapping waves
Like the trickling chuckles
Of an old man's laugh,
Curl up on the soft beach.

The pearl moon,
Gracious hostess of the night,
Soothes the tired sea.
With gleaming delicate fingers
She strokes its grateful brow.

The sea basks,
Stretches,
Turns its cheek to the swaying night-breeze;
And smiles.

SYLVIA KONOWITZ

GOOD FELLOW

By JENNIE SCHWARTZ

JIMMY DONOVAN was a good fellow. Everyone liked him, from Tom the bootblack to Governor J———. Whenever election time came around the candidate would hunt up Jimmy and say, "Jimmy, old boy, I'm running for ——."

Jimmy would reply with a sly wink, "Boss, you're just as good as elected." And he was.

Jimmy was a pal, a real pal. He'd give his last cent to a friend, and he had many friends. He had a wonderful memory. His friends adored him for it. Jimmy never remembered a debt, and if he did, he never said anything about it. As for his wife—oh, yes, he was married. It was such a pity. People couldn't understand it. She was such a serious little thing and skinny. She looked half-starved, not like Jimmy. And she disliked to laugh at his jokes. Maybe it was because she had heard them all before. Anyway, it was a pity. Jimmy was such a good fellow. People hinted that they didn't get along very well. Maybe the clothes she wore had something to do with it. She seemed to delight in wearing clothes that her mother might have worn. Jimmy always wore the latest.

Jimmy was so generous with his money. He always gave such large sums to his wife in the presence of his friends. But how were they to know that he always pocketed the money as soon as they were gone?

Life was tragic for Mrs. Donovan, not for Jimmy. Jimmy loved it. It was so bright and warm and sweet. He enjoyed every minute of it. What more could one want? Esteem, admiration, friendship, money, and all that money could buy; a dutiful wife; well most of the time, anyway. He liked her. He couldn't understand why they didn't get along better. Maybe it was his fault, too. But he wasn't quite sure about it. He

meant to give her money but before he came home he hardly ever had any left. Money had a funny way of disappearing. And if he did have some, it was already promised. As for his friends, how could he say "no" when they asked for the loan of a few dirty bills? It would ruin his reputation. It was unthinkable. He wasn't sure of his friends, but he was sure of his wife. He never questioned that point.

Time went on, and so did the joy out of Mrs. Donovan's life. She was a dramatic person, with no outlet for her emotions. She had no friends to whom she could tell her troubles to and thus lessen her misery. When she complained to Jimmy's friends they didn't believe her. They thought he was God's great gift and simply couldn't understand how Mrs. Donovan could find fault with him.

Sometimes, in despair, Mrs. Donovan thought of leaving Jimmy. It would have settled everything. She would find work somewhere, get a divorce, and maybe marry again. But something held her back. Maybe it was her lack of money, friends, who knows? And then and again it may have been the thought of Jimmy that held her back. He would have been so bewildered. He believed in her. He would feel himself disgraced; he was such a child.

She pitied him coming home alone after she had gone. Who would take care of him? Who would cook his meals the way he liked them and see that he was comfortable? He might marry again, but Mrs. Donovan disliked that thought. She didn't think that another woman would take good care of him. Somehow, in spite of his faults, he belonged to her. It was like an old place you had once loved. When the glamor was gone, you criticized it, but you hated to leave it, so you stayed on.

The Hill

The base of a hill . . .
Around me a turbulent city
Seething with life,
Noise, crowds pulsing
With human endeavors,
Confusion, man-made
Mechanisms, moving and swaying—
Chaos.

The top of a hill . . .
Around me the blue of heaven,
The coaxing trill of a blue-bird,
Calm, quiet, abounding
Communion with spirits,
Clouds floating in veils, snowy,
Noiseless, dreamy, tranquil—
Peace.

FLORENE SIMPSON

COWARD

Day's softened snatch of color on the hill,
The daring breeze that ruffles up the calm,
The warbling bird whose tune would break the still,
The mocking sweeten'd scent, the nostril's balm;
Night's shadows of the trees, the soft lagoon,
The rustling grass attracts my eager ears.
The fleeing minks, the owls, the night-time's boon,
The great and inward voice to sooth the fears.
And yet am I a man, of such a kind
Who, fearing, would pass up the lure of night
With tight-closed eyes lest horrors of the mind
Might lend perchance some weirdness to my sight?
Am I a man who would not look above
To see the moon, the stars, the things I love?

MILBURN KOPOLD


AMBITION

When I had thought that I was quite alone,
And that the trees were nought but sullen wood,
And when the sky was clear and starry shone,
And near the sea wharves' edge a clipper stood,
I saw the moon's white splendor up above,
A glowing gem among the jewels of God,
An everlasting symbol of his love
That thru the skies with seeing eyes has trod;—
I wondered who there was the same as I,
Who looked above with eager, staring gaze,
And yearned to touch that pendant in the sky
That moves with constant ease thru star-lit maze
A strange desire there is in all the lands,
That men would reach far things with eager hands.

MILBURN KOPOLD

DREAMS AND REALITY

By EMANUEL KAPLAN

N intoxicating atmosphere of perfumed sweetness lingered about the tables on the sidewalk. From the interior of the salon the sweeping violins could be heard waltzing with the dreamy flutes. It was twilight in Paris, and the first star of the evening, thru a hole in the clouds, seemed to be straining itself to hear what the two men seated at one of the tables were saying.

The beauties of the Parisian night were lost on these two. They were entirely absorbed in their conversation. The younger man, slowly exhaling cigarette clouds from his lungs, fixed his imaginative eyes on his friend and spoke:

"The only real success, my dear Carl," he said, "lies in not being successful. Life denies nothing to a materially successful man. Such a person becomes bored, and boredom is the worst of life's horrors. Fix your eyes on a star, my friend, but hope with all your heart never to reach it."

"I have never yet come across the perfect woman," mused Carl. "Every woman whom I meet has some defect—some are too loquacious; some too reticent, some too intelligent to be beautiful; others too beautiful to be interesting. After a time, Hugo, an unfruitful search becomes depressing. The perfect woman is the star upon which I have set my eye. My soul longs for Romance!"

"Be glad that you have not found the perfect woman," smiled Hugo, "because having found her, you would in time tire of her. Romance, my friend, is a strange affair. As long as you search for the affection and sympathy of someone, you have Romance; as soon as you have found that affection and sympathy, Romance is lost."

Hugo lit another cigarette and fixed his deep blue eyes speculatively on Carl, who sat lost in thought.

Far off, an old church clock tolled the evening hour. Suddenly Carl started. An indescribable expression flushed across his features—the look of an inspired man.

"My friend," he said, "we are both weary men. We are terribly bored. For over a year we have been sitting before cafés like this, and talking about Romance and Adventure. Hugo, we are both young, we are without plans, without domestic ties. The sweetest part of our lives is before us. It is in our hands whether we enjoy these next few years to the full, or waste them in mere talk. . . . It is now nine o'clock of the fourteenth of June, 1921. We shall separate now, and meet in exactly ten years, at nine o'clock of the fourteenth of June, 1931. In these ten years we shall separately search for Romance. What do you say, my friend? Ha! You don't need to answer! I see by the gleam in your eye that I have struck

(Continued on Page 53)

PROPHECY

By JEROME S. BEN-ASHER

THE setting sun, dazzling in finale, splashed the gypsy camp. In a circle about a huge fire sat the wanderers, chanting, chanting the songs of their forefathers, the epics of immortal heroes unraveled in immortal ballads. The simple-minded vagabonds became spellbound, enthralled by the magic of life's romance, by the joy of living. Vrad Rola's tribe had pitched camp.

As the upper arc of the sun glided below the horizon, a grizzled elder rose from the circle and advanced, stately and sombre, toward the center. A spontaneous ripple of surprise caromed thru the band. For the sage, Ral Fordje, seldom spoke.

He stretched forth his hands; all subsided. Ral spoke, "Tribe of Rola, what I say now may well be heeded. I shall not prattle with words.

"Your chieftain, my chieftain, Vrad, rules his people well, beloved by all. Loved, I say, but alas, not loving!

"People of Rola, I have dreamt. I saw Vrad, most noble Vrad, stretched bleeding upon the earth, his body soiled, gruesome, mutilated. I heard groans, groans of such pain as only the brave can emit.

"Oh! Sons of Rola, how can I picture that pitiful figure, slowly weakening, slowly collapsing, slowly dying—dying—"

The ancient turned his gaze upon the stricken chieftain, blinked his eyes to restrain tears that would not come. Men, women, children wept. Someone screamed.

"My brothers and sisters, that tragedy, that calamity can occur but soon, for the visage I saw was not one of age, nor was it of one past the prime of life. It was one of youth, and Vrad, our doomed Vrad, is yet young.

"I am wise, fellow tribesmen. Some call me the 'Prophet of Rola'. So you must believe me when I declare, Vrad must be wed, and soon. Else our clan, our ancient tribe of Rola, must perish.

"To Vrad must be born a son!"

The agitated gypsy halted, slowly left the circle, his brown, withered face bowed between his puny,

shrunk shoulders.

Vrad Rola rose. And as he spoke, his words knifed the air, forceful, determined.

"My people, think not that I have neglected the thought of marriage. Long before tonight have I planned; now I heed well what has been decreed; and I obey.

"Today we passed the caravan of Buvo Tal, Buvo, the thief, the blackguard, the murderer. It is his daughter I desire for my wife.

"Nay, nay, look not upon me so! I do not love Buvo; one might think that from your glances. For the daughter of Buvo is to him as the kid is to the leopard.

"I intend, in order to accomplish my aim, to deal with Buvo as he would deal with me. I shall steal his daughter from him!

"Tonight, with my companions, I enter the camp of Buvo!"

* * * * *

Toward the break of dawn, a lone figure left a group of half a dozen gypsies, and stole furtively out of the silent woods into the sleeping Tal camp. It stepped cautiously to the central tent—a woman's.

He lifted the flap of the shelter and entered. A young woman, saintly in sleep, lay there. He nudged her, his hand over her mouth.

Her eyes opened, stared at him a moment, hazily. As realization dawned upon her, she smiled, her eyes closing for a moment, blissfully.

"Vrad! my Vrad!"

The lovers left the tent, heading directly for the safety of the neighboring woods. A halloo pierced the stillness. The two ran swiftly, frantically.

A knife whistled, quivered in the freshness of the early morning, caught the gypsy ruler full in the back, just as he entered the forest.

A half-dozen men sprang from nowhere, caught the swaying body, administered futile aid.

He opened his eyes, stared blankly at them, then smiled, ever so faintly. He shook his head when he saw the tears they, men of iron, were shedding.

"Aye," said he, weakly. "The sage was right. 'Dying—dying—'."



FOUR MEN

By NORMAN KIELL

PROLOGUE

IT was six-thirty. Dusk was bearing down heavily over the city. The four women in white uniforms and caps had one-half hour before going on duty. They sat down in the uncomfortable wicker chairs. . . .

* * * * *

"My dad? Sa-ay, he was the grandest man you'd ever want to know. We lived out Michigan-way, in a small town, and dad knew everybody. He always had the house full of people. He just loved to play cards—bridge, pinochle, Polish rummy, whist—anything. He was a big, gruff, whole-hearted man. Real kind and amiable, you know, that was what made him so popular. Why, a party without him just wasn't a party. It wasn't a bit unusual to see his big bulk smartly leading a village belle with the best of them. Sa-ay, he was a regular guy. But he didn't last very long. Dad was ordered in the prime of his life to Mt. Clemens, too late to do much good. He died there a few months later quite conscious, and quite, quite free from anxiety, tho he left mother with two helpless children, a \$5,000 debt, a ridiculous bit of insurance, our furniture laid up in a warehouse, and our own faculties, such as they were. I had to do something to help out—so I became a nurse. Anyway, I wanted to help sick souls like Dad."

* * * * *

"Father? Dignified chap, y' know. Medium height, and broad-shouldered. Rather handsome, too. Always loved an argument. Talk? For hours, about anything and everything. However, he was rather irritable, and it's peculiar that he died from his own irritability. He suffered from scabrities and as a result of scratching his skin, an infection set in, and death resulted. Well, father was father. White, VanDyke beard, and glistening white teeth. When he smiled, which was rare enough, it was something worth seeing. His eyes would twinkle, and the soft wrinkles around his mouth would crease ever so little. His cheeks had that rosy tint that showed his healthy physical condition. But as I said before, he didn't smile often. Generally strutted about, or scolded when his dinner was a minute late, or his slippers hadn't been brought, or the fire was out. But when he died, well, it was then we found that father was a pauper, and we didn't even have a roof to live

under. That's when I was forced to work—so I chose nursing."

* * * * *

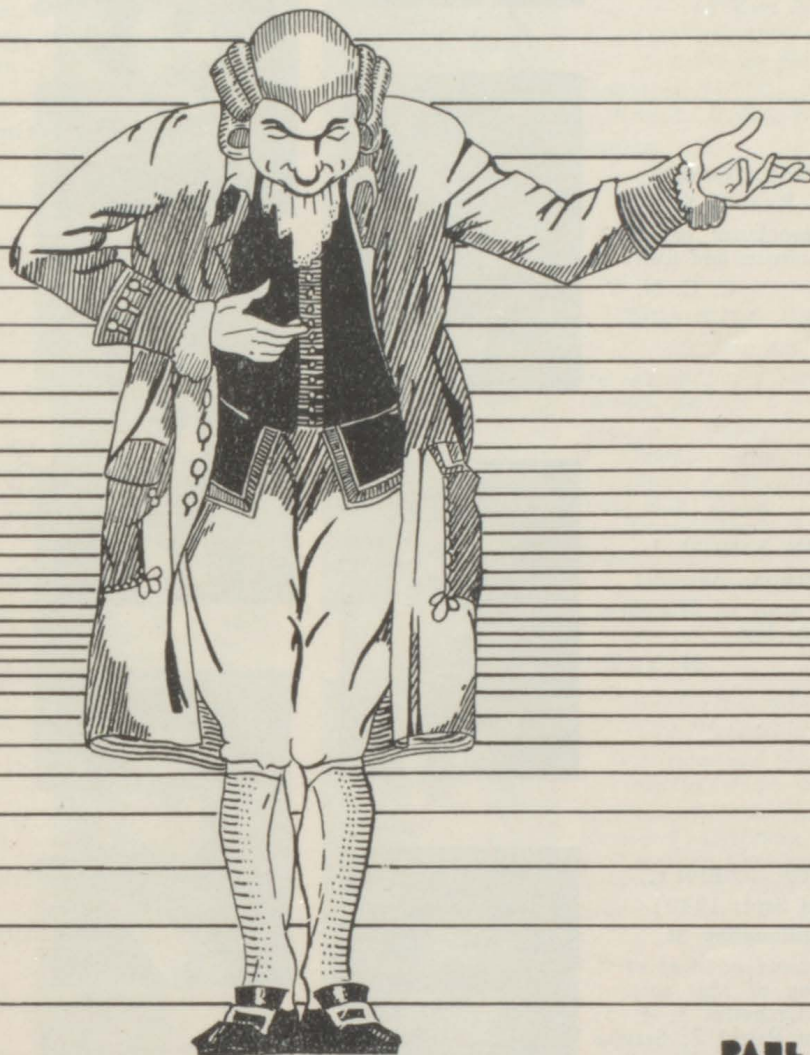
"Papa? He was always in a hurry. Except when he died. Then the longing, and quiet suffering in his eyes were so pitiful. The doctors couldn't do anything to help him at all. He was always in a fine frenzy, and his careless picturesqueness was almost too much. Somehow there was a loneliness and gloom about papa. I'll never forget the night when we were talking about him, and all of a sudden we saw his bent figure turning the corner, somehow ghostly in the semi-darkness. A grey beard. His face lined with shadows. He had that little stick of his with which he stamped in time with his steps. He stalked up to us without looking to the right or left, and then stood lowering over us with his ragged beard and his saturnine look, eyeing us cynically. He sensed we were talking of him. His phlegmatic voice came to us—'Interesting conversation?' We all blushed, tho to tell the truth, we were just thinking how ill he looked. Nobody answered for a moment till Mother blurted out something. He turned, and stalked off. A darker shade of grey against the grey wall. We heard the door of his room slam. Well, Papa died soon afterwards, and just before the end came he told us where his will was. We learned we were quite penniless, so I went to work, learning nursing."

* * * * *

"Hm, Father never lived his own life. He was always bull-dozed and suppressed by Mother. The only peace I ever saw on his face was when he passed away. Even now dreams come to mock me (I wonder if they do to Mother), that he is no longer a person out of harmony with his environment, centering his activities upon himself, and looking only to his own needs. This wasn't true, but Mother thought so. Father worked terribly hard during the day, and if Mother wanted to do something in the evening, and Father was too tired to go out, why Mother just went rampant. It wasn't only this, but whenever it was possible, Mother let loose. Father just took it, and turned away. What else was there for him to do? I ran away when I was sixteen, and married. My husband left me soon. I came home, and found the house in mourning. Father was

(Continued on Page 51)

YE DIRECTORIE



PAUL



ABRAMSON, JACK
271 Jelliff Ave.

*A wise scepticism is the first
attribute of a good critic.*
Classical Undecided



ACKERMAN, MORRIS
41 W. Runyon St.

*I have no mockings or argu-
ments; I witness and wait.*
Classical C. C. N. Y.



ADELMAN, SAMUEL J.
47 Peshine Ave.

*Deep in the arms of Morpheus
he lies.*
General N. Y. U.



AKELAITIS, JOSEPH C.
(Entered Sept. 1930)
103 Willoughby St.

*The all 'round good sport
Joe's a boy of that sort.*
Football 8; Orchestra 3, 4, 5,
6, 7; Student Patrol 7; Service
Club; Gym Team 7; Wrestling
Championship 5, 7; Wrestling
Medal; Script "S".
General Undecided



APPLEBAUM, IDA
29 Sherman Ave.

*Endurance is the crowning
quality
And patience all the passion of
great hearts.*

Optimist 8; Co-Chairman Di-
rectory Board Senior Optimist;
Senator 8; Secretary Activities
Committee 8; Student Patrol 6,
7, 8; Hockey 6; Hockey award;
Volley Ball 4, 6; Swimming 7;
Usher; Honor Society 8.

Classical Undecided



APTEKAR, HELEN
119 Spruce St.

*She who sings frightens away
her ills.*

Glee Club 3, 4.

General N. Y. U.



ARLEIN, MYRON
264 Lehigh Ave.

*I never dare to write as humor-
ously as I can.*

Chairman Personals Board 8;
Optimist 6, 7; Co-Chairman
Humor Board Senior Optimist;
Vice-President Debating Club 5;
Assembly Participation.

General Illinois



ARMM, SAUL
41 Huntington Ter.

*My words have wings but fly
not where I would.*

Senior Optimist; Track; Stu-
dent Patrol 6.

General Bucknell





BAUM, LEWIS F.
50 Farley Ave.

*Capable and outstanding is our
Lew.*

Honor Society 6, 7; President
Honor Society 8; President G.
O. 7; Chief Justice Student
Council 7; Chairman Executive
Committee 7; Chairman Finance
Committee 8; Associate Justice
Student Council 6; Inspector
Student Patrol 6, 7; Chief
Lunch Room Patrol 4; Library
Staff 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Student
Patrol 3, 5; Usher; Head Usher.
Classical U. of Berlin



BECKER, JOHN ARTHUR
54 Grumman Ave.

*What will our golf team do
without him?*

Manager Golf Team 4; Golf
Team 4, 6, 8; Basketball 5;
Track 3; Usher.

General Alabama



BECKER, MARVIN C.
(3½-year student)
102 Huntington Ter.

*High erected thoughts in a heart
of courage.*

Optimist 8; Senior Optimist;
Student Patrol 8; Senator 6.
General N. Y. U.



BEIRACH, IRWIN
88 Schuyler Ave.

*A real friend whose heart equals
his height.*

General Pace Institute



BEN-ASHER, JEROME S.
363 Springfield Ave.

*He who lives well, is the best
Preacher.*

Optimist 7; Orchestra 3, 4, 5,
6, 7, 8; Librarian Orchestra 8;
Band 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Student
Patrol 7, 8; Cross County 4;
Track 5, 7.

Classical
Chicago College of Chiropody



BENNETT, CLARA
185 Keer Ave.

*Little care we
Little we fear.*

Basketball 5; Hockey 4; Hockey
Award; Volley Ball 4, 6.

General U. of Indiana



BERKOWITZ, BERNARD
140 Johnson Ave.

*He always has a smile for you
Besides, perhaps a joke or two.*

Senator 7; Executive Committee
7; Championship Relay Team
3; Junior Championship 880-
Yard Run; Block "S" 5; Relay
Team; Track 3, 5, 7.

General
Ohio School of Chiropody



BERKOWITZ, MORTON S.
80 Weequahic Ave.

*Wit, now and then, struck
smartly, shows a spark.*

Optimist 7; Chairman Book
Review 8; Orchestra, 4, 5, 6, 7,
8; Librarian Orchestra 8; Band
4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Glee Club 3, 4;
Student Patrol 6; Service Club
8; Swimming 7.

Classical Lehigh



BERKOWITZ, ROBERT
97 Hillside Ave.

*Play up, play up, and play
the game.*

Track 3, 5, 7; Student Patrol 7.
General N. Y. U.



BICK, HELEN
393 Belmont Ave.

*I shall cheerfully bear the re-
proach of having descended
below grave dignity.*

Volley Ball 6.
General Pratt Institute



BIEN, ELEANOR
174 Hawthorne Ave.

*A girl who does her work and
does not talk about it.*

Basketball 7; Service Ball 4, 6.
Classical Upsala



BIERSTEIN, BORIS
30 Runyon St.

*My own thoughts are my
companions.*

Classical N. Y. U.



BLOOM, MILTON
42 Watson Ave.

*His tawny beard is the equal
grace
Both of his wisdom and his face.*

Football 8; Senior Optimist 8;
"Broken Dishes".
General Muhlenberg



BLUM, SYLVIA

230 Seymour Ave.

*The pursuit of the perfect then,
is the pursuit of sweetness.*

Swimming 6; Volley Ball 3, 5.
General Harriet Mills



BLUMENFELD, JEROME
289 Hunterdon St.

*Hear it not ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn
paler at the sound.*

President Aircraft Club 8; Sec-
retary Aircraft Club 6; Aircraft
Award 8.

Classical U. of Vienna



BOCHENEK, JOHN
781 So. 11th St.

*A reading machine, always
wound up and going,
He mastered whatever was
worth the knowing.*

Secretary Chess and Checker
Club 7; Track 5, 7; Student
Patrol 7.

Non-Classical
College of Medical Evangelists





BRELL, EVELYN
127 Keer Ave.

*If the world will be gulled, let
it be gulled.*

Classical Cornell



BRENNER, MOE
32 Bock Ave.

*If all the year were playing
holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as
work.*

General N. Y. U.



BRESKY, DOROTHY
331 Madison Ave.

*We that live to please, must
please to live.*

Basketball 6; Student Patrol 8.
General Pace Institute



BROOKS, SOPHIE
278 Lehigh Ave.

For simplicity is charm.

General U. of Pennsylvania



BUERMAN, DOROTHEA
35 Weequahic Ave.

*Her eyes, it's plain, survey with
ease
Whate'er to glance upon they
please.*

Student Patrol 7; Library Staff
7, 8; Archery 5; Archery
Award; Hockey 6; Hockey
Award; Usher.

Classical Skidmore



BUKA, LUCILLE
(3½-year student)
755 Clinton Ave.

*Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Lu.
"Sun Shines Bright"; Glee Club
4, 5.*

Classical Pembroke



CARHART, HERMAN
134 Pennsylvania Ave.

*When I would spend a lonely
day,
Sun and moon are in my way.*

Scientific Undecided



CARTUS, VALENTINE
208 Renner Ave.

*While gaping thousands come
and go,
How vain it seems, this empty
show!*

Classical Princeton





CHAREN, EDWARD

426 Lyons Ave.

*No duty could overtake him,
No need his will outrun.*

Track 6.

Classical

Rutgers



COHEN, ALBERT

413 Jelliff Ave.

*A spirit superior to every
weapon.*

Glee Club 7.

Classical

N. Y. U.



COHEN, MILTON KOGAN

51 Grumman Ave.

*An outstanding member of a
great big family.*

Optimist 8; Senior Optimist;
Football 4, 6, 8; Track 5, 7;
Block "S";

General

West Point



COTT, SAMUEL

48 Rose Ter.

*A little quiet boy in a big loud
school.*

General

Undecided



CRYSTAL, CHARLOTTE JEANNE

258 Wainright St.

*Around those who seek a noble
end*

Not angels but divinities attend.

Senior Optimist; Student Patrol

8; Basketball 5; Volley Ball 4,

6; Assembly Participation.

General

Northwestern U.



DEUSINGER, JACK

244 Keer Ave.

*An honest man; close buttoned
to the chin,*

*Broadcloth without and a warm
heart within.*

Swimming 6, 7; Script "S".

General

Alabama



DINGER, WILLIAM

186 Pomona Ave.

*It is a great plague to be too
handsome a man.*

Band 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Track 4;

Student Patrol 3; Assembly

Participation.

General

Rutgers



DREWES, RAYMOND

166 Shephard Ave.

*He is content to know and be
unknown.*

General

Undecided



EASTMAN, FRANCES

108 Quitman St.

And she is swallow-fleet, and free

From mortal bonds and bars.

Optimist 7, 8; Cheerleader 8;
Student Patrol 6, 8; Basketball
3, 5, 7; Hockey 4, 6, 8;
Hockey Awards; Swimming 5,
7; Tennis 5.

General Southern College



EISENSTODT, WILLIAM

233 Weequahic Ave.

*Romance still lives in the hearts
of men.*

Football 8; Track 5; Block
"S"; Student Patrol 7.

Classical Rutgers



EISLER, IRMA ARLENE

179 Scheerer Ave.

*Her air, her manners, all who
saw admired.*

Archery 5; Basketball 6; Volley
Ball 4, 6; Assembly Participa-
tion.

Fine Arts Paris Art School



ELIAS, LILLIAN M.

276 Schley St.

*Be not too proud of those two
sparkling eyes.*

Senior Optimist; Secretary Phi-
latelic Society 6, 7; Hockey 4,
6, 8; Hockey Award 4, 6;
Volley Ball 4, 6.

Fine Arts Pratt Institute



ENGLER, MARJORIE

131 Pennsylvania Ave.

*She smiles because eternity
Blossoms for her with stars.*

Co-Chairman Humor Board
Senior Optimist; Senator 6;
Secretary Social Committee 6;
Student Patrol 6; Library Staff
7, 8; "Broken Dishes"; Hockey
4, 6; Hockey Award; Swim-
ming 7; Usher 7.

Classical Undecided



FAND, JULIAN S.

44 Avon Pl.

*The mildest manners and the
bravest mind.*

Captain Gym Team 8; Gym
Team 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Gym-
nastic Medal 7; Wrestling
Championship 5, 7; Wrestling
Medal; Block "S"; Script "S";
Band 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Glee Club
3, 4; Patrol 5, 6.

General Panzer



FISCH, WILLIAM L.

163 Watson Ave.

*Devout yet cheerful, active yet
resigned.*

Track 4.

Non-Classical Rutgers



FISHMAN, DAVID

61 Stratford Pl.

Study to be quiet.

Senator 3, 6; Glee Club 3, 4.
Classical Columbia





FISHER, WILLIAM S.
104 Goldsmith Ave.

*For he that once is good, is
ever great.*

Editor-in-Chief Senior Opti-
mist; Associate Editor Optimist
7; Assistant Editor Optimist 6;
Senator 5, 6; Social Committee
5; Student Patrol 7.
Scientific N. Y. U.



FIYALCO, IRVING
331 Madison Ave.

*So live and laugh, nor be
dismayed.*

Student Patrol 4, 5, 6, 7;
Track 4, 6.
General U. of No. Carolina



FRANCIS, MILDRED
305 Hillside Ave.

*Alas, there is more danger in her
charms
Than twenty swords.*

Student Patrol 7; Volley Ball
3, 4, 7.
General Duke



FRIEDFELD, SYLVIA
159 Vassar Ave.

*True merit is like a river; the
deeper it is
The less noise it makes.*

Basketball 4; Volley Ball 3.
General
Maryland College for Women



FRIEDLAND, GERTRUDE
837 S. 18th St.

*Her talk was like a stream which
runs
With rapid change from rock to
roses.*

Student Patrol 3, 8; Basketball
4; Volley Ball 3.
General New Jersey Law



FRIEDMAN, HORTENSE
143 Schuyler Ave.

*A discerning eye which sees all
humor.*

Volley Ball 6.
General Undecided



GAMAREL, RUTH
266 Springfield Ave.

*Of all our parts and eyes express
The sweetest kinds of bashful-
ness.*

Vice-President Social Science So-
ciety 8; Secretary Social Science
Society 6; Service Club 6, 8;
Student Patrol 6, 7; Volley
Ball 3.

Classical Upsala



GARFINKLE, BARNEY
275 Wainwright St.

*His talents are more of a silent
kind.*

Glee Club 5, 6.
General Montclair Normal





GELB, JACK M.
79 Grumman Ave.

*True eloquence consists in saying
only that which is necessary.*
Football 5; Track 3, 5, 7;
Wreath "S"; Block "S"; 4 "S"
Medal; City Shot-put Cham-
pionship 5, 7.
General Undecided



GELLER, LOUIS
827 S. 18th St.

*We must laugh before we are
happy for fear we die
before we laugh at all.*
Student Patrol 7, 8.
General Wharton



GELLER, PAULINE BETTY
14 Marie Place

*She is content to be demurely
good.*
Archery Award 5; Volley Ball
4, 6.
General Savage



GELMAN, WILLIAM
189 Rose St.

*Great things thru great hazards
are achieved.*
Glee Club 5, 6; Student Patrol
4.
Classical N. Y. U.



GEORGE, MARGUERITE E.
49 Mapes Ave.

*None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but to praise.*
Student Patrol 4; Volley Ball
6.
Fine Arts Seth Boyden



GEORGE, ROBERT
161 Court St.

*In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die.*
General Columbia



GINSBERG, MEYER
359 Hawthorne Ave.

*The world knows nothing of its
greatest men.*
Scientific Rutgers



GINTER, JULIUS J.
115 Rose Ter.

*Self-reverence; self-knowledge;
self-control.*
General Undecided



GLADSTONE, SAUL

6 Mapes Ter.

Saul may not be so big, but he can manage the football team.

Manager Football Team 8; Assistant Manager Football Team 4, 6; Assistant Manager Basketball Team 6, 7; Assistant Manager Track 3, 5, 7; Block "S"; Athletic Committee 7; Band 4, 5, 6; Cheerleader 7; Assembly Participation.

General Merchants and Banks
Business School



GLUCK, GEORGE G.

111 Hobson St.

Must I work? Oh, what a waste of time!

General Stanford



GOLDBERG, FRED

291 Belmont Ave.

Genuine wit implies no small amount of wisdom.

Student Patrol 7.

General U. of So. California



GOLDINBERG, THELMA

869 S. 16th St.

A tender heart, a will inflexible.

Student Patrol 8.

General Packard



GOLDSTEIN, MAE D.

22 W. Runyon St.

*Happy the woman, happiest she,
Whose mind from vain desires
is free.*

Vice-President German Club 8;
Secretary Art Associates 7, 8;
Student Patrol 4; Basketball 7;
Swimming 7; Volley Ball 3, 5,
8; Assembly Participation;
Usher.

Fine Arts U. of So. California



GOLDSTEIN, MIRIAM

299 Clinton Ave.

Hail to thee, Blithe Spirit!
Art N. Y. U.



GORDON, HENRY

629 Belmont Ave.

*He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!*

Senior Optimist; Vice-President
Aircraft Club 6; Aircraft Team
5; Aircraft Award 6; Assistant
Manager Gym Team 5, 6, 7, 8;
Script "S"; Student Patrol 4, 5,
6, 7, 8; Orchestra 7, 8; Band 8.
General N. Y. U.



GOTTESMAN, MELVIN

352 Belmont Ave.

*A man of courage is also full
of faith.*

Basketball 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8;
Block "S".

General Columbia



GRANET, STANLEY
133 Keer Ave.

*His brains and personality are
inversely proportional
to his size.*

Senator 6, 7; Treasurer Senior
Class 8; Business Manager
"Broken Dishes"; Student
Patrol 6.

Non-Classical N. Y. U.



GREBELSKY, HELEN
216 Court St.

*Her heart as far from fraud as
heaven from earth.*

Basketball 3; Volley Ball 4.
Classical N. Y. U.



GREENBERG, HERBERT J.
205 Keer Ave.

Whom not even critics criticize.
President Aircraft Club 6; Sec-
retary Aircraft Club 5; Aircraft
Team 5, 6, 7, 8; Aircraft
Award 6, 7, 8; Orchestra 5, 6,
7, 8; Band 4, 5, 6, 7, 8;
Service Club 8; Assembly Par-
ticipation.

Scientific N. Y. U.



GREENFIELD, RAYMOND
49 Demarest St.

*He in many a venturesome deed
His courage bold would try.*
Senior Optimist; "Broken
Dishes".

General New Jersey Law



GREIF, EDWIN
10 Osborne Ter.

*Why then the world's mine
oyster,
Which I with sword will open.*
Senator 6; Activities Committee
6; Student Patrol 8.

Classical U. of Pennsylvania



GRENTUS, JOHN
143 16th Ave.

*His life is fortified by many
friendships.*

Fencing 5.
Non-Classical Newark Tech



GRIBELSKY, GERALD
279 Peshine Ave.

But life is warfare.
Non-Classical Rutgers



GRILL, JOSEPHINE
(3½-year student)
673 Hunterdon St.

Honors come by diligence.
Secretary Glee Club 8; Glee
Club 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Student
Patrol 8; "Sun Shines Bright";
Basketball 3, 7; Hockey 3, 6,
8; Hockey Awards 3, 6; Service
Ball 3, 6.

General Undecided



GROBE, IRA
281 Pomona Ave.
*It is excellent to have a giants
strength; but it is tyrannous
to use it like a giant.*
President of Mathematics Club
8; Student Patrol 7.
Classical Columbia



GUEMPPEL, DOROTHY
181 Hobson St.
*Her grave small, lovely head
Seemed half the meaning of the
words she said.*
Student Patrol 5; Cheerleader 8;
Basketball 3, 5, 7; Basketball
Award; Hockey 4, 6, 8; Hockey
Awards; Swimming 5, 7;
Volley Ball 4, 6, 8
General Southern College



GUENTHER, MICHAEL
139 Pennsylvania Ave.
*Strong and content, I travel the
open road.*
Senator 3.
Scientific Stevens



GUILIANO, SYLVIA
26 Shanley Ave.
*There's none can compare
With the joy of one's youth.*
Basketball 3, 5, 7; Hockey 4,
6, 8; Track 3.
General Syracuse



GURVITZ, ELEANOR
406 Hunterdon St.
*They say coffee and women
should never be dated.*
Senator 5; Student Patrol 6, 8;
Archery 4, 6; Basketball 6;
Basketball Award 6; Hockey 5,
8; Hockey Awards 5, 8;
Swimming 4, 6; Volley Ball
3, 5, 8.
General Barnard



HALL, FRANCES
294 Peshine Ave.
*The dimple that her chin con-
tains, has beauty in its depths.*
Assembly Participation.
General Stanford



HALPERIN, ROSALIND H.
10 Lehigh Ave.
*It is good to lengthen to the last
a sunny mood.*
Basketball 3.
General U. of Wisconsin



HAND, EVELYN
561 Clinton Ave.
*Neither careless nor glad
Nor studious nor sad.*
General Undecided



HARMELIN, HARRY S.

381 Osborne Ter.

Earnestness and sport go well together.

Basketball 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Northern New Jersey Championship Basketball Team 7, 8; Wreath "S"; Track 5, 7; Student Patrol 4; Senior Optimist 8.

General Tulane



HARMELIN, WILLIAM

109 Lyons Ave.

My tongue within my lips I reign

For who talks must talk in vain.

Senator 4.

Classical N. Y. U.



HERMAN, LOUIS

89 Leslie St.

So sweet the blush of bashfulness

E'en pity scarce can wish it less.

Vice-President Chess and Checker Club 7; Secretary Chess and Checker Club 8.

Classical U. of Pennsylvania



HILDENBRAND, NORMA

222 Sherman Ave.

The brain to conceive; the heart to understand; the hand to execute.

Honor Society 6, 8; Secretary Honor Society 7; President G. O. 8; Secretary G. O. 6; Chief Justice Student Council 8; Secretary Student Council 6; Red Cross Representative 5; Secretary Newark Junior Red Cross Council 6, 7; Senator 4; Social Service Committee 4; Chairman Social Service Committee 5, 6; Chairman Executive Committee 8; Library Staff 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Inspector Student Patrol 6, 7, 8.

Classical Undecided



IRWIN, WILLIAM J.

12 Tichenor St.

One minute here, the next minute there,

Roaming about without a care.

Basketball 4, 5, 6, 7.

General Washington and Jefferson



ISLER, MYRON

155 Vassar Ave.

The average high school student, not showy, but dependable.

General U. of So. California



JACOBS, EDITH

35 Hobson St.

Be gone dull care!

Thou and I shall never agree.

President Spanish Club 8; Student Patrol 5; Service Club 4, 5, 6, 8.

Classical Katherine Gibbs



JACOBS, HARRY

114 Wainright St.

Art is a man's nature; nature is God's art.

Vice-President Art Club 6; Track 4, 6, 7; Fencing 8; Small "S".

Fine Arts Newark Art



JORDAN, ANNA
236 Belmont Ave.
A quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Basketball 6, 7; Volley Ball 4, 5.
General Undecided



KAPLAN, BERNARD
167 Charlton St.
*Ah! But to act that each to-morrow,
Finds us further than today.*
General U. of So. California



KAPLAN, EMANUEL
435 Hawthorne Ave.
*With too much quickness ever to be taught
With too much thinking to have common thought.*

Honor Society 7, 8; Student Council 8; Inspector Student Patrol 8; Senator 6, 7; Orchestra 6, 7, 8; Manager Fencing Team 6; Chess Team 6; Assembly Participation.

Classical Rutgers



KAPLAN, HARRY
227 Waverly Ave.
*I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best.*
Classical Montclair State Teachers College



KASSELBRANER, HERMAN
(Entered Sept. 1932)
198 Hansbury Ave.
It is a priceless jewel to be unaffected.
Non-Classical Johns Hopkins



KIELL, NORMAN
79 Wolcott Ter.
*Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety.*
Optimist 8; Senior Optimist; "Sun Shines Bright"; "Broken Dishes"; Student Patrol 7; "Screen News" 5, 8; Usher
Classical Mt. Scopus, Palestine



KLEIN, SAMUEL
185 Livingston St.
*Mirth concealed is more enjoyable
Than humor revealed.*
Classical Rutgers



KOENIGSBERG, LILLIAN
(3½-year student)
42 Goodwin Ave.
*Forever I would forego
The yoke of men's opinions.*
Secretary Art Club 4, 5; Service Club 5; Basketball 5; Volley Ball 4.
General Skidmore



KOHL, MARIE
75 Maple Ave.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

Optimist 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Senior Optimist; Student Patrol 5; "Broken Dishes"; Glee Club 7, 8; Basketball 7; Swimming 3, 5, 7.

General U. of Pennsylvania



KONOWITZ, SYLVIA

23 Grenada Pl., Montclair

A literary musician with a sense of humor.

Optimist 8; Senior Optimist; Student Patrol 7; Service Club 7, 8; Orchestra 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; "Sun Shines Bright"; Glee Club 4, 5; Assembly Participation; Usher.

Musical Arts

Curtis Conservatory of Music



KOORSE, ROSE

345 Springfield Ave.

A lovely maiden, garmented in the light of her own beauty.

Archery 6; Volley Ball 3, 5.

General Cedar Crest



KOPOLD, MILBURN CHARLES
593 Belmont Ave.

*I am a writer and a poet,
I feel it and I know it.*

Senior Optimist; Band 5; Student Patrol 7.

General

Dana



KRAEMER, FLORENCE

66 Schuyler Ave.

Can you not see my soul flash down,

A singing flame thru space?

Student Patrol 6, 7, 8; Archery 5; Hockey 6; Hockey Award; Swimming 7; Usher.

Classical

Skidmore



KRAMER, MIRIAM

53 Schley St.

He lives not who can refuse me.

Service Club 4.

Classical

N. J. C.



KRINSKY, HAROLD

355 Chadwick Ave.

Choice voice and measured phrase, above the reach of ordinary men.

Associate Editor Senior Optimist; Optimist 5, 6; Assistant Editor Optimist 7; Chairman Athletic Board Optimist 8; Student Council 6, 8; Inspector Student Patrol 6, 8; President Mathematics Club 6; Student Patrol 5, 6; Tennis Team 7; Script "S"; Usher; Assembly Participation.

Classical

Dana



KROCK, LOUIS

87 Renner Ave.

Commercial art should be his line of work.

Optimist 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; Student Patrol 4.

Fine Arts Parsons Art School, Paris



KRUG, HENRY
209 Avon Ave.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

Senior Optimist; Senator 8;
Secretary Athletic Committee 8;
Track 7; Student Patrol 5, 6,
8; Gym Team 3.

General Muhlenberg



LAVOR, RUTH
124 S. Bigelow St.

She excels in the magic of her locks.

Archery 5; Archery Award 5;
Volley Ball 6.

General Newark Normal



LEITER, ELSA
62 Baldwin Ave.
*Best wishes to our friends
Truth exists for the wise beauty
for the feeling heart.*
Usher
General Skidmore



LEFKOWITZ, BERNARD
34 Goodwin Ave.
*Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his
clothes.*
Student Patrol 6, 8.
General Michigan



LERNER, JOSEPH E.
120 Elizabeth Ave.

*How far this little candle throws
his beam!*

Non-Classical Cornell



LERNER, MILTON
(3½-year student)
464 Hawthorne Ave.

*Our deeds determine us as much
as we determine our deeds.*

Student Patrol 7.

Scientific
Newark College Engineering



LEVINE, HAROLD
173 Schuyler Ave.

But respect yourself most of all.
Basketball 5, 6.

Scientific N. Y. U.



LEVENSON, BEATRICE J.
54 Bock Avenue

Sweet and lovely.

Fine Arts Emerson



LEVINSON, SAUL
46 Aldine St.

*With his notes he did explain
all.*

Football 5; Track 4; Student
Patrol 3, 5.

General U. of So. California



LEVITT, DOROTHY
181 Spruce St.

*So well she acted all and every
part.*

Volley Ball 5.

General Harriet Mills



LEVITT, MERILL
201 Custer Ave.

*There are very few persons who
pursue the sciences with
truer dignity.*

Manager Track Team 7; As-
sistant Manager Track Team 5;
Assistant Manager Football 4;
Block "S".

Non-Classical Union College



LEIBMAN, MILDRED
24 Goodwin Ave.

*Coquetry is the thorn that
guards the rose.*

"Sun Shines Bright"

General William and Mary



LITTMAN, HERMAN M.
94 Huntington Ter.

*Noble deeds that are concealed
are most esteemed.*

Senator 8; Social Service Com-
mittee 8; Student Patrol 6.

General Rutgers



LOWENSTEIN, HANNAH
191 Vassar Ave.

*One so fair of face and yet so
unaware of it.*

Senator 4; Basketball 6; Service
Ball 3, 5.

General Seth Boyden



LOWY, MARGERY
2 Stratford Pl.

*The woman is so hard
Upon the woman.*

Classical Goucher



MARK, ANNA
121 Springfield Ave.

Said and done; done as said.
Student Patrol 6; Basketball 3,
5, 7; Hockey Award; Volley
Ball 4, 6.

General Upsala





MARZELL, ROBERT PAUL
86 Hawthorne Ave.

*Shut within him is the rare seed
of learning.*

Senator 7; Vice-President Senior
Class; Vice-President Mathematics
Club 8; Orchestra 4, 5, 6,
7, 8; Band 6, 7, 8; Student
Patrol 6, 7.

Classical Temple



MAYBAUM, DORIS
825 So. 13th St.

Delicacy in woman is strength.
Secretary Social Science Society
8; "Sun Shines Bright"; Glee
Club 5, 6, 7; Assembly Part-
icipation.

General Russell Sage



MAYERS, MIRIAM LOYCE
275 Renner Ave.

*A girl not perfect, but of
aspirations high.*

Optimist 5, 6, 7, 8; Glee Club
5, 6; Volley Ball 4.

General Barnard



MEISNER, RUTH
112 Hillside Ave.

*Doing good by stealth and
blushing to find it fame.*

Senator 6; Archery 6; Basket-
ball 3, 5, 7; Volley Ball 4, 6.

General Savage



MERIN, NATHAN
50 Grumman Ave.

If life were only a workshop!
General U. of So. California



MERLISS, GERTRUDE
386 Clinton Ave.

*Toil is the law of life and its
best friend.*

Optimist; Basketball 5, 7;
Volley Ball 4, 6.

General Columbia



MILLER, ELEANOR
(3½ -year student)
136 Renner Ave.

*Thou seem'st a goddess of old
song
To whom no traits of earth be-
long.*

Basketball 5, 6; Swimming 6.
General Vassar



MILLER, MAUD S.
165 Mapes Ave.

*Quite a simple, unassuming
maid.*

Secretary German Club 6, 7;
Student Patrol 6; Basketball
Award 5; Volley Ball 4, 6;
Swimming 7.

Classical Newark Normal



MILLMAN, ANNE
272 Lyons Ave.

*She is small but she is wise,
She's a terror for her size.*

Volley Ball 4, 6.

General Northwestern



MORGULOFF, ALEX

*Alex has been stealing worms
from the early bird ever since
he entered South Side.*

Classical Rutgers



OLERAND, JACK
273 Peshine Ave.

*Oh, that my tongue were in the
thunderer's mouth!
Then with a passion would I
shake the world!*

General Undecided



ORMOND, PAULINE
2 Shanley Ave.

*She nodded her head, and the
stars on high
Sparkled down from out of the
sky.*

Treasurer Art Club 3, 4; Bas-
ketball 4, 6.

Fine Arts Carnegie Tech



PADWEE, ZELDA
36 Farley Ave.

*A good heart is better than all
the heads in the world.*

General
Traphagen School of Design



PAPIER, LILLIAN
81 Rose Ter.

*For she is unheeding as she goes
her merry way.*

Senator 7; Swimming 3; Bas-
ketball 3, 5, 7; Volley Ball 5, 7.

General Newark Normal



PARKER, CHARLES RAYMOND
130 Johnson Ave.

But conquer I must!

General Alabama



PELLER, ROSE
63 Quitman St.

*Along the cool sequestered vale
of life
She keeps the noiseless tenor of
her way.*

General Cedar Crest



PERLMUTTER, ANNE A.
268 Clinton Pl.

*Fame comes always when
deserved.*

Secretary Senior Class 8; Secretary Nature Club 6; Vice-President Nature Club 8; Basketball 6, 7; Volley Ball 5.

General Wellesley



PINSKY, EDITH
(3½-year student)
37 Schuyler Ave.

*This little lady with the grown
up air*

*Faces the world from her rocking
chair.*

General Hunter College



RABINOWITZ, SAUL
94 Goodwin Ave.

*Much learning doth make
thee mad.*

Student Patrol 3, 8.

General U. of Michigan



RADOFF, EMANUEL
535 So. 16th St.

*Manny's the sort of fellow you
cannot help liking.*

President Aircraft Club 7; Aircraft Team 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Aircraft Award 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

General N. Y. U.



RAZNIKOV, SEYMORE
701 So. 10th St.

*Manhood when verging into age,
grows thoughtful.*

Glee Club 3, 4; Student Patrol 8.

Classical

Temple



REICH, FLORENCE
705 Elizabeth Ave.

*Her action won such reverence
sweet*

As hid all greatness of the feat.

Honor Society 6, 7; Secretary Honor Society 8; Assistant Editor Optimist 7, 8; Co-Chairman Directory Board Senior Optimist; Inspector Student Patrol 6, 7, 8; Student Council 6, 7, 8; Senator 3, 4; Honor Roll Medal; Library Staff 7, 8; Vice-President French Club 7; Secretary Debating Club 3; Student Patrol 3, 5; Usher.

Classical

Smith



RICH, ETHEL
249 Avon Ave.

*Her vivacity is her greatest charm
altho many charms has she.*

Basketball 4; Assembly Participation.

Classical

Columbia



ROBIN, PHYLLIS RUTH
208 Goldsmith Ave.

*My heart is warm with the
friends I make.*

Basketball 3, 5, 7; Service Ball 4, 6, 8.

Classical

Beth Israel Hospital



ROSEN, ETHEL DOROTHY
12 Custer Ave.

*Few things are impossible to
diligence and skill.*

Basketball 6; Service Ball 3, 5.
General Undecided



ROSEN, HOWARD
311 Seymour Ave.

*Of all wit's uses, the main one
Is to live well with one who has
none.*

Senior Optimist; Senator 8;
Social Service Committee 8;
President Chess and Checker
Club 7; Vice-President Chess
and Checker Club 5; Chess
Team 6, 7; Student Patrol 4,
5, 6, 7.

Classical Alabama



ROTHENBERG, RUTH
115 Vassar Ave.

*She is jolly and carefree, as tho.
life were a pleasant game.*

"Sun Shines Bright"; Glee Club
5, 6; Basketball 5, 7; Volley
Ball 4, 6.

General Weylister



ROTHMAN, BEATRICE
21 Goldsmith Ave.

*Her industry and untiring service
will be greatly missed by
the Optimist.*

Business Manager Optimist 4, 5,
6, 7, 8; Manager Senior Opti-
mist; "Sun Shines Bright";
"Broken Dishes"; President Glee
Club 8; Glee Club 3, 4, 5, 6,
7; Assembly Participation 6, 7;
Basketball 3, 5, 7; Service Ball
4, 6, 8; Swimming 3, 5, 7.

General U. of Pennsylvania



ROZALSKY, ABE
11 Wolcott Ter.

*Abe, tho small in size, is simply
canned dynamite.*

Patrol 7
General U. of So. California



RUBIN, BELLE
254 Osborne Ter.

*This girl we see was never
young,*

Nor could she e'er be old.
General N. Y. U.



SABEN, SAMUEL
242 Seymour Ave.

*I have often regretted having
spoken, never having kept silent.*

General New Jersey Law



SCHANTZ, SEYMOUR
193 Prince St.

*The object of oratory is not the
truth, but persuasion.*

Debating Team 7, 8; Captain
Debating Team 8; Secretary
Dramatic Club 7; Secretary Air-
craft Club 4; Vice-President
Aircraft Club 5; Aircraft Team
5; Aircraft Award 5; Chief
Lunch Room Patrol 8; Student
Patrol 6, 7; Assembly Partic-
ipation.

General Ohio School of Chiropody



SCHLAUSKY, JULIUS
53 Willoughby St.
*Life loiters at the book's first
page—
Ah! Could we turn the leaf!*
Gym Team 6, 7, 8.
General Undecided



SCHOTTENFELD, DAVID
107 Vassar Ave.
*For he who has striven will
succeed.*
Patrol 3.
General Seth Boyden



SCHUCHMAN, MILTON
526 Hunterdon St.
*Wise to resolve and patient to
perform.*
Senator 8.
General Seth Boyden



SCHULMAN, HYMAN
16 Belmont Ave.
*Basketball is your game,
Stick to it, and you'll reach fame.*
Basketball 4, 6, 8.
Fine Arts N. Y. U.



SCHWARTZ, JENNIE
194 Barclay St.
*Patience is a virtue which
Jennie has.*
Fine Arts N. Y. U.



SCHWARTZ, MIRIAM
140 Hansbury Ave.
*I love tranquil solitude, and such
society
As is quiet, wise, and good.*
Archery 5, 7; Archery Award
5, 7.
Fine Arts Newark Normal



SCHWARTZ, SAM
21 Bragaw Ave.
*Of all those arts in which the
wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is
writing well.*
Optimist 7, 8; President Debat-
ing Club 8; Secretary Tall Story
Club 7.
Classical Temple



SCHWARZ, SAUL
49 Homestead Park
*When duty whispers low,
"Thou must."
This youth replies, "I can."*
Student Patrol 6, 7.
General Dana



SCOPP, PAUL

203 Shephard Ave.

To know how to hide one's ability is great skill.

Optimist 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8;
Senior Optimist; Senator 3;
Social Committee 3; Student
Patrol 4, 5, 6; "Officer 666";
"Seven Keys to Baldpate";
"Sun Shines Bright"

Fine Arts Fontainebleau, Paris



SELIGMAN, LEONARD

254 Schley St.

Let there be peace. Why all these humdrum disturbances?

General Cornell



SETTEL, NORMAN

306 Lyons Ave.

*Altho he has much wit,
He is very shy of using it.*

Track 3, 4.

General U. of No. Carolina



SHARLIN, HERBERT

786 So. 13th St.

*He is a scholar, a ripe and good one,
Exceedingly wise, fairspoken,
and persuading.*

Chairman Alumni Board Optimist 8;
Optimist 4, 5, 6, 7;
Senior Optimist; Senator 5;
Orchestra 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; State
Orchestra 8.

Classical U. of Pennsylvania



SHPINER, LEO

190 Huntington Ter.

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature.

Student Patrol 7.

General U. of So. California



SILVERBERG, LIDA

58 Summit Ave.

Let me stay and rest and talk.

"Sun Shines Bright"; Glee Club
5, 6, 7, 8; Volley Ball 6.

General Juilliard



SILVERGELD, JACOB

32 Hobson St.

*For he is just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies.*

Student Patrol 3, 4, 5, 7.

Scientific Undecided



SILVERSTEIN, PAUL S.

857 So. 18th St.

*Sensitive, swift to resent, but as
swift in atoning for error.*

Senior Optimist; Student Patrol
3, 8; Track 5, 7; Swimming
3, 4, 5.

Scientific Purdue



SIMON, JACK EDWARD
547 High St.

*Jack will make a good gym
teacher, we're sure.*

Manager Gym Team 5; Assist-
ant Manager Gym Team 3;
Script "S"; Student Patrol 3.
General Panzer



SIMON, PHILLIS
10 Farley Ave.

*Her person is such
It beggars all description.*

Senior Optimist; Usher.
Classical Skidmore



SIMON, SIBYLLE
60 Parkview Ter.

*Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contended
like me?*

General Harriet Mills



SIMPSON, FLORENE
(3-year student)
165 Mapes Ave.

*A merry heart makes a cheerful
countenance.*

Student Patrol 8; City Poetry
Club 4, 5, 8; Basketball 4, 6;
Basketball Award 4; Swimming
4, 6, 8; Volley Ball 6.

General Newark Normal



SINN, DORIS
748 Bergen St.

*A pretty girl, the slayer of
men's hearts.*

General N. J. C.



SOBEL, WILLIAM
57 Rose St.

*Within him there may be an able
mind and a great heart.*

General Undecided



SPERLING, IRVING
(3½-year student)
115 Bigelow St.

*They please, are pleas'd, they
give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow
to what they seem.*

President Philatelic Society 8;
Student Patrol 3, 4.
Classical Michigan



SPILLER, JEANETTE
173 Spruce St.

*None but herself can be her
parallel.*

Basketball 5, 7; Service Ball
4, 6.

General Weylister



SPITKOVE, BERTHA
(3-year student)
108 Milford Ave.

*In framing an artist, art hath
thus decreed
To make some good, but others
to exceed.*

Basketball 5; Volley Ball 4;
Assembly Participation; Honor
Society 8.

Fine Arts Pratt Institute



STEIGER, MARTIN
286 Peshine Ave.

*He who is unaffected is best
liked.*

General U. of Pennsylvania



STEIN, DAVID
120 Spruce St.

*A great man is made up of
qualities that meet or make
great occasions.*

President Senior Class; Student
Council 6, 7; Inspector Student
Patrol 6, 7; Senator 6; Orches-
tra 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; Band 6, 7, 8;
Student Patrol 3, 4, 5.

Classical Montclair Normal



STERN, MAYFAIRE
56 Clinton Pl.

*Popular, pretty, clever, and
sweet,*

In our May these assets we meet.

Senior Optimist; Senator 6;
"Sun Shines Bright"; Basket-
ball 5; Swimming Award 5.

General Barnard



STRAUS, SAMUEL
51 Schuyler Ave.

*He is honest of mind and
intention.*

Student Patrol 6, 7, 8; "Sun
Shines Bright"

General N. Y. U.



SUSSKIND, ADELE
138 Goldsmith Ave.

*In some this blunder still you
find,
They think their little set,
mankind.*

Non-Classical U. of Wisconsin



SZEMAN, DORIS
376 Peshine Ave.

*For she is just a pretty maid,
who cares not for pomp
and show.*

Student Patrol 6; Basketball 7;
Volley Ball 6; Assembly Par-
ticipation.

General Undecided



TENENBERG, DAVID
4 West Alpine St.

*Well-turned silence hath more
eloquence than speech.*

Student Patrol 4; Track 3;
Swimming 5.

General U. of Oregon



TURK, BEATRICE
72 Goodwin Ave.

*My trifles come as treasures
from my mind.*

General N. Y. U.



WAGNER, RUTH
40 Nye Ave.

*Earth's noblest thing,—a
woman perfected.*

Student Patrol 7, 8.

General N. J. C.



WEISS, MILDRED
474 Hawthorne Ave.

*Slight is the subject, but not so
the praise.*

Basketball 5; Volley Ball 4.

General Upsala



WEISS, RUTH
78 Wolcott Ter.

*What thoughts lie behind your
dark eyes?*

General Drexel



WEISSMAN, JOSEPH
247 Lehigh Ave.

*Gentle of speech, beneficent
of mind.*

Classical Michigan



WOLF, INEZ S.
10 Rose Ter.

*She is small, that's what they
say,*

But her ability is not that way.

"Sun Shines Bright"; Basket-
ball 4, 7; Hockey 6, 8; Hockey
Award; Service Ball 4, 6;
Tennis 5; Student Patrol 6, 8;
Glee Club 3, 4, 5.

General Barnard



YOUNGBLOOD, JANIE
136 Somerset St.

*Be swift to hear, slow to speak,
slow to wrath.*

General Lincoln Hospital,
New York



ZAMELSKY, LEONORE PHYLLISS
(3½-year student)
160 Grumman Ave.

*A cheerful temper joined with
innocence will make beauty
attractive.*

General Duke



ZIERING, RUBEN

119 Bragaw Ave.

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live
now.*

General

Columbia



MILCH, DAVID

450 Belmont Ave.

*In football Davie is a star,
In life he's sure to go as far*

Football 6, 8; Track 5.

General

North Carolina



BRATTER, HARRY

838 Hunterdon St.

*His time, forever; everywhere
his place.*

Football 4, 6, 8; Track 3, 5,
7; Swimming 4, 6; Wrestling
Championship 5, 7; Block "S";
Script "S"; Secretary Radio
Club.

General

Dr. Altaraz School



ZIMETBAUM, RUTH

209 Renner Ave.

*A gentle eye, a voice more kind,
They may not look upon earth
to find.*

General

Undecided



KASMINOFF, ANNETTE

915 Hunterdon St.

*Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day.*

Student Patrol 5; Service Club
5; "Sun Shines Bright"; Glee
Club 4, 5; Usher.

General

Harriet Mills

NOLL, WILLIAM

355 Johnson Ave.

*What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and
stare?*

Classical

Stevens

CRYSTAL, LESTER

258 Wainwright St.

*The boy with his games un-
daunted,*

Who never looks behind.

Basketball 3, 4, 6; City Cham-
pionship Basketball Team 5;
Northern New Jersey Ch a m-
pionship Basketball Team 7;
Cross County 3; Captain Cross
Country 5; Track 4; Script
"S".

General

Panzer

THE OPTIMIST

FRIEDMAN, MYRON
173 Runyon St.

*They are but beggars that count
their worth.*

Golf Team 6, 7.
Classical Alabama

GERSTL, ROBERT
94 Leslie St.

*Some work of noble note may
yet be done.*

General U. of West Virginia

HOROWITZ, SHELDON
42 Schuyler Ave.

*My designs and labors,
And aspirations are my closest
friends.*

Classical Undecided

NAGASINA, HERBERT
323 Peshine Ave.

*A gentleman was he from soul
to crown.*

Script "S"; Golf 3, 5, 7.
General Syracuse

THOMSON, LEWIS
141 Bigelow St.

*Patience is a necessary ingredient
of genius.*

General N. Y. U.

URAM, ARTHUR GEORGE
204 Weequahic Ave.

*I am not in the role of common
men.*

General U. of Wyoming

VARNI, FRED
80 Ingraham Pl.

*The great end of learning is not
wisdom, but action.*

Football 6, 8; Wreath "S".
Scientific U. of Michigan

WEINTRAUB, WILLIAM
116 Milford Ave.

*He pays too high a price
Who sells his sinews to be wise.*

Football 6, 8; Basketball 5.
General Duke

To the Memory of Our Departed Classmates

Gordon Jones

and

Nelson Townsend

*"The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice."*

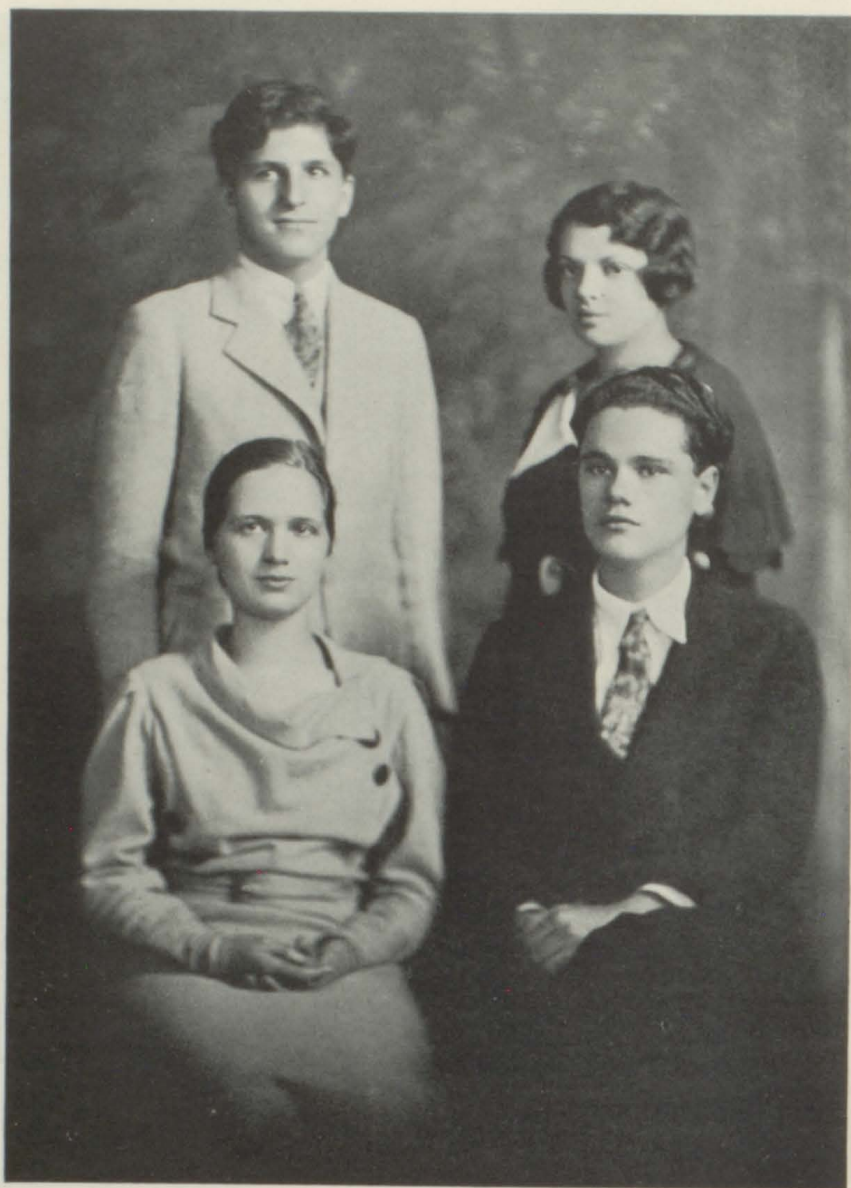


Senior Class Officers

This term the Senior Class was confronted with the puzzling situation of having too much good material from which to choose its class officers. However, after turning the matter over with great deliberation, the class was able to arrive at a definite choice. The following were elected: David Stein, president; Robert Marzel, vice-president; Anne Perlmutter, secretary; Stanley Granet, treasurer.

The choice was excellent. David took charge

of the meetings in the manner of a real executive, and Anne has recorded the minutes of those meetings (if we remember rightly there was one, perhaps two, at the most, three) in great fashion. We are sure that if there had been any money, it would have been in reliable hands, those of Stanley Granet. Fortunately, however, (or unfortunately), there was none, so we cannot be called to account for making that last statement.



Honor Society

The Honor Society of South Side High School is a member of the National Honor Society, which represents the Phi Beta Kappa of high school life. Membership in the Honor Society is a testimony of superiority in Character, Scholarship, Leadership, and Service. A scholastic average of 77.5% is the basic requirement. Approval by the entire faculty and participation in a reasonable number of extra-

curricular activities are always requisites. Lewis Baum, president, and Florence Reich, secretary, have been members for three terms. Norma Hildenbrand, the president of the South Side General Organization, has also been a member for three terms. Emanuel Kaplan has been a member for two terms. Other Senior members are Ida Applebaum and Bertha Spitkove.



One of the largest groups of athletes that ever donned the Black and Gold of South Side is departing from high school competition. Football stars, basketball champs, gym team experts, wrestlers, flying ghosts, tankmen, golf stick wielders, netsters, and managers will file up to the platform on Commencement Night to receive their honors. Coaches Thornton, Cavallaro, and Allen, the tutors of the boys, will be handicapped next year when their teams are in line for action.

Since 1928 South Side has had football teams which have caused trouble for every opponent. Members of the team have fought hard to uphold the South Side spirit, but now the time has come when some must pass to higher glories and fame. Football, as usual, is receiving its major set-back with the February graduation. It is with regret that the School sees a large number of its stars graduate.

FRED VARNI entered South Side in '31 and soon was at Carnegie field trying out for the football team. He gained a regular position as a half-back and at the close of the season received a wreath "S" and a gold football for being a member of the 1931 City Championship Football team. Hard luck greeted Freddie at the beginning of the '32 season. He sustained a leg injury which has kept him from the field the entire season. His inability to play this year has not hindered him from receiving the block "S" which was the emblem awarded to the '32 team. We are sure that his absence was felt by all the boys on the team.

DAVE MILCH had a difficult job assigned to him when he started as a candidate for quarterback position because, as you all know, he is a small boy. Dave learned his fundamentals under Assistant Coach Bill Rose in such rapid strides that in '29 he practically ran the third team. This "unbeatable team" had the pony backfield of Fishbein, Osterweil, Pepper, and Milch. After an operation in '30, the '31 season found Dave barking signals second only to "Yak" Pepper. Dave had acquired two second team "S's" for this work, and in '32 he finally earned his block "S" as our first team quarterback. Hats off to Dave Milch and his spirit.

MILT "MURPHY KOGAN" COHEN started three years ago to play football. After working faithfully as an end, "Kogan" has attained two second team "S's", a broken tooth, and a block "S". "Murphy" was also a track aspirant. He gained his "S" when he participated in the javelin and the discus throws.

HARRY "SHAPE" BRATTER, one of our all-around athletes, is a typical example of a self-made man. "Shape" came out for the team with nothing but "guts" and willingness to learn. As a reward for his diligence, Harry was awarded the block "S". Previous to this letter, Bratter earned a block "S" as our high-hurdling star. Harry was also a member of the Varsity swimming team and champion wrestler of his division. He has on his shelf two block "S's" and three second team "S's".

JOE AKELAITIS, our left guard, has done what few have done before him. With no experience he came out for the team in '32 and gained not only a position on the team but the respect of all his teammates for his determination and grit. Mr. Thornton has rightfully honored Joe with a block "S". Joe's strength is shown by the fact that he was a member of the gym team and the champion wrestler of his division.

WILLIAM "TRICKNEE" WEINTRAUB was a member of the junior varsity in basketball and in due time was elevated to the varsity, but "Tricknee" deserted the basketball court for the gridiron. In 1931, Billie's first season, he was handicapped by a knee injury, but in '32 Billie surprised everyone in the Barringer game and has played brainy football since. He gained the confidence of the boys, and with his leadership led the team to a sensational victory over Central.

MILT BLOOM, another football man of the '32 class, deserted his position as stalwart tackle for Irvington and entered the ranks of South Side grid aspirants. His tremendous driving will be missed next year.

JACK GELB has attained more letters than any other single classmate. Jack has received a wreath "S" as a member of the '30 city cham-

pionship football team. He received three block "S"s and two wreath "S"s and was holder of the city championship in the shot-put. In 1928 he won the South Side Invitation meet award for the shot-put, and in '32 he won the same award in the Newark Board of Education Meet. The school has awarded Jack the four "S" medal, he having won more than four major "S"s.

WILLIAM EISENSTODT, our hard-luck player, is also graduating. Willie dislocated an elbow after he had attempted for three years to get a football suit. He showed signs of being fast and being able to throw an accurate pass during his short stay with the team. In track, Willie also had luck. After tying for first in the Junior pole vault, Willie lost the toss for the gold medal. Willie sports a block "S".

The last five years have seen S. S. H. S. forge to the front on Interscholastic basketball courts of the State. Four years of team play and individual growth have formed a crackerjack combination. Extraordinary passing, feinting and dribbling, with our stars' natural endowments and the fine manner in which Coach Guido Cavallero moulded the winning combination accounts for S. S. H. S.'s excellent record for sportsmanship and basketball finesse.

HARRY HARMELIN entered South Side in '31. Due to rules he was unable to get a letter altho he played in the majority of the games, but in '32 Harry's speed on the court made him outstanding. His well-timed passing, accurate dribbling, and his good eye contributed greatly to the '32 record. He received his wreath "S" and gold basketball as one of the North Jersey Champs and runner-up in the State. Harry's speed was developed in track, where he participated in the hurdles, broad-jump, and 220.

LESTER CRYSTAL started working for his "S" in '30 as a member of the Junior varsity of basketball. He gained his wreath "S" and gold basketball as a member of the '31-'32 Championship combination. He played an important part in our success with his excellent guarding. Les' we forget, Les is the last of the cross-country team, of which he was captain. Here Les received a script "S" for the part he played.

MEL GOTTESMAN made up for his size by being an accurate passer and a good shot. He received a block "S" altho he was a member of our '31-'32 All-Star Team. Mel proves the old adage, "Good things come in small packages."

South Side cannot boast of a record track team. This may be laid to the fact that we have not had

a coach who has remained permanently. But now with the help of Coach Allen we may hope for better track teams and also come out on top in our track endeavors.

BOB BERKOWITZ has been one of our less successful letter seekers. He has been awarded three second team "S"s for his three years' competition in the quarter-mile event.

BERNIE BERKOWITZ has been more successful in his quest for a letter, earning a block "S" in '32. He has turned in an enviable record in the high hurdles.

JOHNNY BOCHENEK has been South Side's hope in the half-mile event. He has been highly successful considering the fact that '32 was his first competitive year. Johnny has been awarded a second team "S".

MERRILL LEVITT has made the schedule for our track team in the past few years. He has two second team "S"s and in '32, as manager, he received his block "S".

SAULIE GLADSTONE has been nicknamed "All-State Waterboy". In '29 and '30 he was an assistant manager of football. In '31 he was co-manager of the City Championship football team with Abe Rubinfeld, and finally in '32 was sole manager of the team. "Saulie" has acquired thru football three second team "S"s and one block "S". In '30, Gladstone decided that managing football was not sufficient to occupy his spare time, so he applied for the position of managing track. He has turned in three consecutive years as an assistant manager of that sport. Saulie also participated in track in '32. He won his letter by tying for second in the Junior pole-vault and in placing second in the Junior low hurdles. Thus in track he received two second-team letters and one block "S". Besides being an assistant manager of basketball, Gladstone has led the school as a cheerleader at both football and basketball games. If Saulie would have had more time he would have participated in more of the athletic activities.

Swimming has also had a change of coaches, but in this sport we have been more successful in winning our meets. Our team won the City Swimming Championship in '28, '29, and '30.

JACK DEUSINGER is our versatile tankman. In '31, under the tutelage of Coach Allen, Jack won his script "S". The event that he mastered was the "200".

(Continued on Page 52)



Science Department

A clever little gadget known as the Truth Detector has recently been invented by a member of the Senior Class, an inventor and trouble maker by nature. Before we proceed with an account of the experiment perhaps it would be well to explain its mechanical ingenuity—which consists of an arrangement of intricate recording mechanism—automatically indicating the truthfulness of the speaker. The “Bong” of a bell is notification of an untruth and silence of truth.

The department was highly impressed by this instrument and was moved to give it a practical test—so the compact device was attached to an unknowing Senior and the graphic results which follow are most interesting:

“In what college do you intend to matriculate?” asked the directory inquirer of the Senior.

“University of Berlin,” quickly replied the exalted one. “Bong! Bong!” tolled the bell.

Continuing his tour of the building the unsuspecting one was soon stopped by a member of the faculty, who said, “We will certainly be sorry to have you leave us.”—Bong! Bong!

Upon which the senior replied, “Not any sorrier than I am to go.” Bong! Bong! Bong!

Shortly after this interruption another Senior approached Experiment Exhibit A (Senior) to request his signature in her OPTIMIST. Without further ado, E. E. A. scribbled, “To a real pal—from —” Bong! Bong!

No sooner was this act of enforced obligation completed, when a mere sophomore approached the Senior subtly to ask for the payment of a long standing loan of a quarter, before graduation—and only with the grace and eloquence that a depression could mellow to such convincing tones—the Senior replied, “Sure, see me tomorrow; I’ll give it to you.” Bong!

And so into the din of the Bong! Bong-ing! of the bell, as the Senior Exhibit enters into one of his long-winded explanations for graduating among the last ten of his class instead of the first ten, do we exit.

—Clever, these Seniors.

The Charming People

Elsa Leiter is a great little feller, but she will only sit in the orchestras of our legitimate theatres.

Ruth Weiss is among the most popular girls in the school, but she never drives over twenty-five miles per hour.

We like Paul Scopp too, but he never looks at anything in the OPTIMIST except his drawings.

Norman Kiell writes pretty good literature, and we go for it in a huge manner, but he sings at parties. (Only at parties??)

Adele Susskind is one of our pet diversions, but she keeps a scrap-book.

Florence Reich is simply ducky,—but!

Eddie Greif is another of our locals who has more pals than he suspects, but he goes to bed too early.

Herbert Sharlin is okay too, but he plays the violin.

Lucille Buka is another who plays an instrument, but she composes her own music.

Henry Gordon is another elegant gentleman, but did you ever see him flea-hop?

And Milt Bloom is a very lovely fellow, and there are no buts! (He’s bigger than we!)

May Stern may be a versatile girl—but she likes penny tootsie rolls.

And Bea Rothman may be right-o too, but she gives plenty of “pepper and salt”.

Henry Gordon is a fine chap, but he likes to spell his name Henri Gordanne. (The girl friend’s name is Frenchy.)

Jerry Blumenfeld may be loud and even that forgiven, but he leads the Onions.

Alex Morguloff is a modern youth, but he always comes late to morning classes.

Marjorie Engler may be prime stuff, but did you see her the night of her initiation?

Lillian Koenigsberg is a swell kid, but she wears a spectacular Hun helmet.

Freddie Goldberg is a fellow who is always smiling, but he spends most of his time in the dark.

Seymour Raznikov is another, but you’ll never find him in school Mondays.



SENIORS



H. B. JACOBS



Shades of the past reappear—the dark, grasping and clutching spirit of the Mystic Pen once again steps forth from seeming oblivion. The heart of the Pen burns green with anger for the long period that you, my dear seniors, have enjoyed freedom of the fear of torment by the fact-seeking Pen. But now, repent ye and weep, for all your sins and misdoings are come to judgment—the Pen strikes forth mercilessly upon the elated Seniors as they trudge their last weary steps from out these portals of learning—the Pen surges forth—destructively.—

* * * * *

The indifference of May Stern towards the numerous “slams” appearing about her in previous OPTIMISTS has at last been solved—it seems that the comment on May’s high school activities is much too trite in comparison to “My Bill” of Lafayette who is so predominating in May’s thoughts—the Pen cannot be baffled.

* * * * *

Puzzling—but not insolvable by deliberation and deduction—so presents the interesting affair of Ida Applebaum—Ida’s casual interest in the welfare of Edwin Greif is really deserving of more consideration by Edwin—the Pen advises such with purpose.

* * * * *

“An open confession is good for the soul—” Sylvia Konowitz has finally realized the true wisdom of Mr. Eisenberg’s aged philosophy—why, oh, why could Sylvia possibly—so vociferously—denounce herself for stupidity before that small gathering in the auditorium one afternoon—I fear that the Pen had overheard Sylvia at a very precarious instant.

* * * * *

“Tall, dark, blue eyes and —” Oh, why go into the detail of Florence Reich’s description of her “ideal”. Methinks, and so does Florence, that this realization of idealism rests within the halls of Harvard University—Why say more?—

* * * * *

Those long and late hours of rehearsing the play “Broken Dishes” had also detained Bea Rothman, temperamental stage manager.—The mental and physical exhaustion of Bea during these gruelling rehearsals actually touched the heart of the Pen until Bea admitted that there was a certain Sid to escort her home—and console her in her tribulations.—

* * * * *

Annette Kasminoff has been the despair of the efforts of the Pen to discuss and reveal—Annette’s mania to write notes to anybody and everybody and then destroy them completely has played untold havoc with the mental composure of the Pen. Why torment a starved man by waving food above outstretched arms?—

* * * * *

Psychological or physiological reaction to a statement is sometimes interesting to note, as Harold Krinsky’s daily comment to Florence Kramer—“I don’t believe it!”—which causes Florence to react by a pretty blush—but what does this all mean?—merely that Harold expresses his doubts that the growing lightness of Florence’s hair is a resultant of the sun’s rays—the observation of the Pen is ever-present.—

* * * * *

The depression has introduced a new sort of currency thru Lucille Buka who promised to reward with a kiss the one who opened her locker—which perhaps accounts for the boiler-factory clattering of chisels and hammers in the vicinity of her locker some time ago—or was it a quiet pick-picking on the lock?—

* * * * *

The Pen, always snooping in the queerest spots, has learned that Your Correspondent plans to reveal himself in the next issue—Between now and that time all who have been sadly maligned by my colleague can be preparing missiles for the auspicious unveiling.—

* * * * *

THE OPTIMIST

Regardless of what one may say of Charlotte Crystal, no one can accuse her of non-aggressiveness. When the close companionship of Harry Harmelin was denied, Charlotte was not suppressed, but was inspired forth to conquer new trophies. The next week this aggressor was adorned with a fraternity pin—such progressiveness is encouraged by the Pen—it is the forward strides that near one to the inevitable goal.—

* * * * *

Now, to familiarize you with a real secret.—The Humor Department has attempted to reprint the majority of Senior names in their allotted space, thereby lessening the possible number of complaints to the OPTIMIST—Truly a psychological move.—

* * * * *

And with the same mystery with which the Mystic Pen appeared so does he slowly recede into the same darkness from whence he came—the Mystic Pen has destroyed—

* * * * *

According to information received—the “smooth style” of Billy Weintraub becomes slightly disheveled when visiting in South Orange—Tut! Tut!—that’ll never do.—

As the end of Saul Rabinowitz’s term at South Side draws nigh—the Pen believes that he should rightfully be awarded a special medal for consistency—Saul’s four years of courting Mildred Liebman sadly come to a close with no further developments than originally—those immortal words of Barnum sums up the situation—that one about—“one being born every minute”.—

* * * * *

With the graduation of this Senior Class—the school is to be cruelly deprived of one of the most elegant gossipers and endurance talkers of all time, in the person of Hortense Friedman—the school is doomed to become a silent and uninformed mass with the exit of Hortense—Ah, ’tis sad—sad indeed—Fate is cruel.—

* * * * *

In Mr. Fisher’s English class, Lenore Zamelsky is his right hand woman. One day while reading poetry, Mr. Fisher waxed eloquent. In the midst of one of his wild arm-swings, his arm caressed Lenore’s cherry-hued lips—or is it raspberry? In a trice, two streaks of a communistic hue appeared on Mr. Fisher’s sleeve. Mr. Fisher colored, and in a tone which only Mr. Fisher can assume, he said, “Is my sleeve red?”



Last Night's Circus a Great Success

A tremendous ovation greeted the opening of the Gladstone and Garfinkle Circus last night at Krinsky's 30 Acres. Mr. Saul Gladstone, veteran ring-master, introduced the nationally-famed feature—the Gelb and Fand strong-man team. The weight-lifting performance of Mr. Jack Gelb and Mr. Julian Fand received a round of thunderous applause. The regular feature, Garfinkle's Giant Galaxy of Freaks, was presented by Mr. Barney Garfinkle himself, last of a long line of blue-blooded circus barkers. Judging by last night's reception, the circus is due to remain here for several weeks.

Newspaper Columnist Removed to Observation Ward

Henry Gordon, popular scandal-monger (columnist) of the *Daily Bread*, was forcibly removed last night to the psychopathic ward of the Wekillemall Hospital for observation. Mr. Gordon was vacationing by himself in the Wekillemall Hills.

While visiting the general store of a nearby hamlet, Gordon was bound and removed to the hospital. It is believed that his eccentric behavior aroused the suspicions of the natives, who thought him to be an escaped inmate of the Baum Insane Asylum. Mr. Gordon is being detained until William Fisher, editor of the *Daily Bread*, can arrive to prove his identity. A statement from Mr. Fisher reads as follows: "I have known Gordon for years; and if it is really he, I'm going to let them keep him. Yowza!"

Society Column

Miss Evelyn Brell and Miss Elsa Leiter entertained at a bridge and tea yesterday afternoon at the home of Miss Brell. Many prominent guests were present, both matrons being of high standing in the social circles of Newark's 499.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Schuchman have moved their winter quarters from 1060 Charlton Street to 1030 Broome Street. Friends are invited to attend the house-warming this Saturday evening. A small fee will be charged to cover the cost of the coal. Mrs. Schuchman is the former Ethel Rich.

Golf News

The Nervewrackers Golf Tournament reached the semi-final round today with Myron Friedman and John Becker tied for high honors. Mr. Friedman has held the Amateur, Professional, Open and Closed titles for the past ten years. Mr. Becker, his opponent, was a runner-up in several major tournaments and is attempting to annex his first championship in this tournament.

Finance

The recent fluctuations in the stock market are rumored to be caused by the gigantic utilities operations of Mr. Stanley Granet, noted financial genius and power in Wall Street.

* * *

The price of onions rose to a new high today in the market's vigorous trading. Jerome Blumenfeld's tremendous purchasing power is believed to be the underlying reason for the "bull" market. Mr. Blumenfeld has been connected with the onion market for 20 years.

Communist Candidate to Address Forum Tonight

The Communist Open Forum is to be addressed tonight by Mr. Harry Bratter, presidential candidate for the Communist party. Mr. Bratter has been one of the most enthusiastic workers of this party in the elections during the past years.

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Forty-nine

Then there's the wisacre who said that the man who bought lemons on the Stock Exchange is now selling apples on the curb. . . . also the Scot who told his wife creepy stories to make her teeth chatter so he wouldn't have to buy his baby a rattle. . . . Rosalind Halperin thinks God created women beautiful and foolish—beautiful so the men would love them; foolish so they would love the men. . . . Florence Kraemer says that the old-fashioned habit of kissing children good-night is fine—if the folks can keep awake 'till they get home. . . . Turning a corner in the hallway, we come upon Mr. Strong giving this piece of philosophy, "Girls may dislike rumble seats, but if they go riding in them, they have no room to kick." . . . Ruth Weiss brags about being open-minded, but Artie Uram calls it complete vacancy. . . . And talk about overhearing conversations, listen to this—Eddie Grief: "And what would I have to give you for a kiss?" Came back the devastating reply from Adele Susskind: "Chloroform!" . . . Remember the night of the prom, when "Hibby" Littman kept shooting at the moon with a putty blower, and they finally gave him the Pulitzer Prize for Perseverance? . . . Forgive and Forget. Take it from Lewis Baum, "the first helps your soul, and the second your liver."

We'll Always Associate These Two

LeW.s Baum—West Side
AdEle Susskind—Lipstick

EveLyn Brell—Clothes
LiLlian Elias—Knocks

SA.n Saben—Zuper Zalesman
MiLburn Kopold—Whiskers
LeW.s Thompson—Sense of humor
MA.rjorie Engler—Library slave
MY.ron Arlein—"Wait until you see the next OPTIMIST!"
RoS: Koorse—Sweetheart of the "Onions"

MA: Goldstein—Boy-friends at college
Sylvia Konowitz—"Victory!"
JoS:eph Akelaitis—Wrestling
RO.salind Halperin—Miriam Goldstein
MiC:ael Guenther—Chemistry
William Fisher—"Yowzah!"
EmA.nuel Kaplan—"Everything is much more interesting that way"
MilTon Bloom—"When I played for Irvington"
JE:ome Ben-Asher—That bent horn

MilTon Schuchman—Ethel Rich
PHyllis Simon—Tennis
HElen Bick—Gracie Allen
Stanley Granet—"Hi, Boy!"
ZElda Padwee—Her bangs (Hair)

BerTha Spitkove—Squeaky voice
IrW.in Beirach—That Physics Exam
NO.rma Hildenbrand—School-girl complexion

Stanley Granet says he's going to be a very busy man—no grass will grow under his feet. He is going to the Sahara Desert.

John Bockeneck, the absent-minded professor, takes a yardstick to bed with him every night, because he wants to see how long he sleeps.

Mrs. Poland says that Sybille Simon is naturally shy. She is usually shy about five years when you ask her how old she is.

William Weintraub says that he will attribute his future success in life to the fact that he spent five years in South Side.

"A parasite," defined Mae Goldstein, "is a man who goes thru a revolving door—on your push."



Mr. Coleman: What is meant by the term "Chattel"?

Robert Berkowitz: Private property.

Mr. Coleman: For example?

Bob Berkowitz: As wives and cattle.

Marjorie Engler (reading material for OPTIMIST): "Tall, dark, and handsome—"

Marvin Becker: I thought you said that you weren't going to mention me again.

Student Council: Have you anything to offer the court?

Jack Abramson: No; I had two dollars, but the Senior class collector took that.

Bernard Berkowitz: I owe all of my success to only one thing—Pluck, just pluck.

Sam Adelman: How do you find the right people to pluck?

Helen Aptekar: Is he self-centered?

Marie Kohl: Self-centered? Why, that guy thinks, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here" is a solo.

Morton Berkowitz: I think I'll bring my car down to school tomorrow.

Eleanor Bien: But you haven't got a car.

M. B.: Oh, shut up. You might at least let me think.

Boris Biernstien: I know a fellow who is so narrow-minded that he can look thru a key-hole with both eyes.

John Bochenek: Aw, that's nothing. I know a man that's so stingy that if he knew his wife was dreaming about a quarter he'd wake her up and ask for it.

Myron Arlein: That's nothing. There's a fellow who is so stingy that he is afraid to eat in the sunshine for fear that his shadow might want a bite.

Freshmen—Irrresponsible

Sophomores—Irrrepressible

Juniors—Irrresistible

Seniors—Irrreproachable

Ben-Asher: What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Scopp: Shine them.

SENIOR PROOFS FOR ANNUAL

Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.



Four Men

(Continued from Page 12)

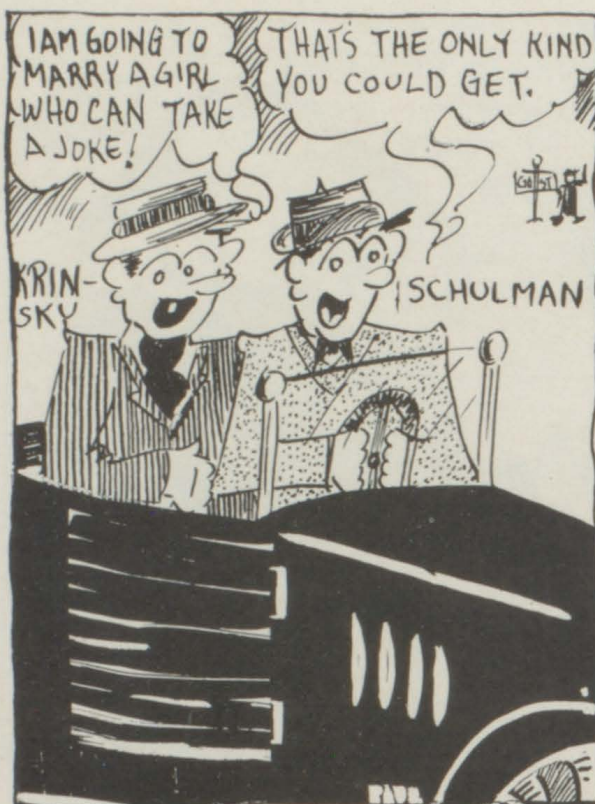
dead. I went out on my own then, and turned to nursing."

* * * * *

EPILOGUE

The four women in white uniforms and caps sat quietly thinking how fate had thrown them together,—they, whose fathers' lives had influenced them so, and whose own lives so oddly coincided. You could see by their appearance and voices how each personality differed. The first was a light, happy, gentle girl; the second seldom acted naturally—doubtless due to her upbringing by "father," and the idea of building an impenetrable circle about her so as to hide her feeling of inferiority. The third was the most natural of them all; interested in everything and everybody, but strictly knowing her limits. She was good-natured, kind, and understood people. Funny, tho, that she could never understand her own "papa", but perhaps he never permitted her to. The fourth was an independent miss, always on her own, never asking for anything. She was cold and practical, always facing the issue, and never attempting to dodge it.

It was seven o'clock. Already dark. The four women in white uniforms and caps stood up quietly, and took their posts.



Athletics

(Continued from Page 44)

Our gym team deserves more credit than any other sport in the school. This team has persevered and worked itself up so steadily that in '32 they missed being runner-up in the State meet by one-half point. The team lacks a coach, but the boys have helped each other unselfishly, each correcting the others' flaws in their form.

JULIE FAND, with a half-season of participation left, has already turned in an enviable record. Julie was a member of the team in '30 and '31, and in '32 he was elected captain. His major triumphs have been scored in the City and State meets. In the City meet, he was runner-up in point-scoring, having won the horizontal-bar event and placing second on the long horse. In the State meet he placed second on the horizontal-bar and fourth on the parallel-bars. Julie has also been a two-year victor in his wrestling division. He has been awarded a script and a block "S".

HENRY GORDON, our nervy little gym performer, earned his script "S" as a performer on the flying-rings, horizontal-bar, and long horse. He

has been on the team since 1930.

JACK SIMON has been a manager of the gym team. He has received his script "S".

JOHN BECKER has been a mainstay on our golf team. He has been swinging his golf club for dear old South Side since 1930. In that year he was elected captain of the team. Becker possesses three script "S"s.

HAROLD KRINSKY has been one of our representatives on the tennis court. His racquet-wielding has earned numerous victories in our team's quest for triumph. Harold has earned a script "S" in his one year of participation.

* * * * *

Many of our Amazons are departing this term. Our volley ball, tennis, hockey, basketball, track, swimming, archery, and cheerleading squads are going to be hard hit when these Dianas receive their sheepskins.

Eleanor Gurvitz is one of our all-around stars, participating in volley ball, hockey, basketball, and archery. She will be hard to replace.

Frances Eastman is another versatile athlete who will be missed. She was outstanding in hockey, cheerleading, basketball, volley ball, and swimming.

Dorothy Guempel, Jo Grill, Anne Mark, and Sylvia Guillian form a quartet of three-sport athletes, volley ball, hockey, and basketball, that would please any coach.

Inez Wolf and Claire Bennett complete our list of athletes. They participated together in three sports, hockey, volley ball, and basketball, but they separated in the fourth sport, Claire taking up track and Inez, tennis.

Saben (in Chemistry): This stuff goes in one ear and out the other.

Jayson: Oh, no, it doesn't.

Saben (zizzling): Do you really think that, sir?

Jayson (joking): Of course. Sound cannot cross a vacuum, you know.

Photographer ("taking" a senior for the OPTIMIST): Now then, look pleasant, please. That's it. A moment longer. There! Now you may resume your natural expression.

Fand: They say Gordon has been sick.

Akelaitis: Yes; I heard that he has been wandering in his mind.

Fand: Well, he's safe enough; he can't go far.

The following is a list of jokes that were not accepted by the staff:

Senior Alphabet

A is for Arlein, whose nose is for news,
 B is for Baum, who does nothing but snooze.
 C is for Cartus, who says, "He's a rat."
 D is for Dinger, his "sax" is quite flat.
 E is for Eastman, who is a great flirt,
 F is for Fisher, who kills all the dirt.
 G is for Greif, who has pride on his brow,
 H is for Hildenbrand—you can't beat her now.
 I is for Isler, who's timid at heart,
 J is for Jacobs, whose work is in art.
 K is for Kaplan, who has a deft hand,
 L is for Lowy, whose humor is bland.
 M is for Marzell, a nice little chap,
 N—Nagasina, whose verse has no snap.
 O is for Olerand, who's always in bad,
 P is for Perlmutter, who follows the fad.
 Q is for Quintus (there ain't no such guy*),
 R is for Reich, whose marks make us sigh.
 S is for Stern, who's lacking in tact,
 T is for Thompson, a nice chap, in fact.
 U is for Uram, "Don't you wish you were me?"
 V is for Varni, who has a trick knee.
 W's for Wagner, a sweet miss but coy,
 X, for "Xams", that fill us with joy.*
 Y is for you, who are not listed here,
 Z for Zamelsky, whom no one does fear.

* (Of course not, but it rhymes.)

"Basketball Bill" Irwin announces his career—a crooner. Miss Barrow and her third period English class were simply thur-rilled by his rendition of ballads. And Bill is okay, except that he sings thru his nose.

Promptly at 12:00 noon on November 3, 1932, an odor of the most rotten eggs imaginable burst thru, and pervaded the otherwise delicious atmosphere of our second floor corridor. Pupils and teachers alike held their nostrils as they plunged determinedly thru the sickening stench.

A freshman timidly approached a wizened, stately senior. "Mister," it said, "whenceforth that gorgeous incense of rotten eggs? Whew!"

The senior stood there, a satisfied, complacent grin disfiguring his malicious countenance. "Hey, hey," he muttered, "Do I work fast? Boy, oh boy!"

Dreams and Reality

(Continued from Page 10)

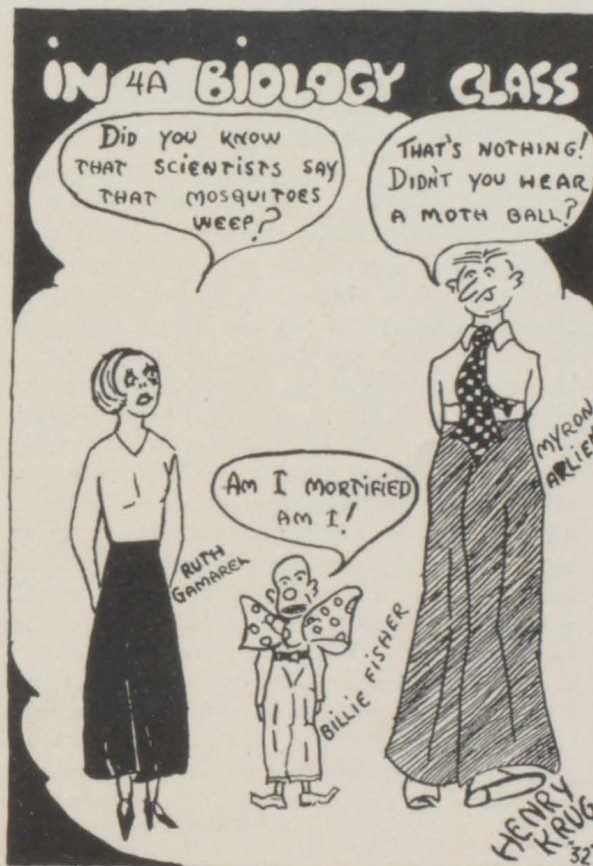
that which you have always dreamed of doing! Come, shake hands on it and drink it down with a bottle of absinthe!"

The two men shook hands with that air of wild enthusiasm mixed with charming recklessness which marks the true adventurer. The absinthe was brought, the glasses filled, and the emerald-green liquid washed down their curious agreement.

* * * * *

The orchestra within the salon waltzed ten years away. The night of June 14, 1931, found it still waltzing. A few minutes before nine o'clock saw a man smoking a pipe outside at one of the tables. It was Carl, seated at the same place where he and Hugo sat ten years before. He waited, impatient, until the faint but unmistakable gong of the distant clock tolled the hour. As the sound of the ninth stroke died away, a tall, slim figure wrapped in a cape crossed the street. As it drew nearer, Carl recognized the pale, still, melancholy face of Hugo. In a moment they were in each other's arms.

"Hugo, I am now a happy and prosperous man.



Strangely enough, all my prosperity is based on the fact that the S.S. White Shark had a broken rail.

"After two years of fruitless wandering, I had but enough money to take passage from Ireland to America. The second night out was beautiful, and I went on deck. As I strolled alone leisurely, I noticed one of my shipmates of the fourth class in conversation with a very rich man from the first class. Both were leaning on the rail as they spoke. I will not go into detail. Suffice it to say that the part of the rail upon which the rich man was leaning broke, that he fell into the sea, that he could not swim, that I dived in after him and rescued him.

"Now here is life's strange irony. If the rail had broken where the poor man was standing I would merely have received the man's heartfelt thanks, and perhaps the congratulations of the captain. But as it happened I was rewarded ten thousand francs, and was able to travel thenceforth in luxury. Six years ago, at a party in France, I at last met the perfect woman for whom I had so long been searching. What more can I say? We were married here in France, and I made a name for myself in the business world. A happier couple will never be found."

Hugo gazed with a sweet sadness across the room. "Carl," he said, "you have found sympathy. You have found understanding. You have found love. I have found romance." He sighed deeply, threw the butt of his cigarette away after a final inhalation, and commenced his narrative.

"It was in Naples during one of my few periods of good fortune that I was invited to a musicale by a chance acquaintance who had taken an interest in me. During one of the selections I turned my eyes sideways and observed sitting near the wall of the room a mirage. I will not attempt to describe her. I will only say that she did not belong to this world. I found she was a French traveler, like myself. After the musicale I invited her to canoe with me. Oh, will I ever forget that night? The reflection of the moon on the lake was broken up into a thousand sparkling crystalline fragments. The sound of the paddle in the water was like an astral harp; and at my feet this divine being from another world. I decided that the memory of this night was too perfect to be spoiled by ever seeing her again, for I was sure that I would tire of her. I resolved to leave on the morrow, and so I did. I never saw her again, but wherever I went, whether in the jungles of Africa or in the cities of Europe, that exquisite recollection continued to charm me. I am happy. That, my friend, is romance."

"My poor Hugo!" said Carl. "What a slave

you are to your ideas! But I must show you my home. Hugo, I have done well these ten years."

They battled the storm together, each pitying the other for his unfortunate outlook.

On the steps of Carl's beautiful mansion they were met by a charming child of five years. She had a face that would have bewitched anyone, but strangely enough, as soon as Hugo saw the face he became deathly pale. He reeled, and clutched for support at a marble pillar.

"My dear Carl! Oh, who would have foreseen it! I must go away. Adieu forever! I can never see you again. Oh, my dear, dear friend!" Hugo sobbed passionately, and staggered down the steps of the house. He was soon lost in the darkness. The little girl's face had looked strangely familiar. Hugo shuddered to think who the mother might be.

Extry!!! Extry!!!

Huge plot discovered. Mildred Francis, Lenore Zamelsky, and May Stern arrested on charge of attempting to blow up S. S. Their plea is that it was the only way to get Artie Uram out of school.

"Dean," said Evelyn Brell, "all I want in this world is half your money."

"Don't be silly," he replied, "I'm just like you. The only reason I'm not in the poorhouse is because my Pierce Arrow can't climb the hill."

Fisher: A fellow told me I looked like you.

Arlein: Where is he? I'd like to punch him.

Fisher: He's dead. I killed him.

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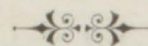
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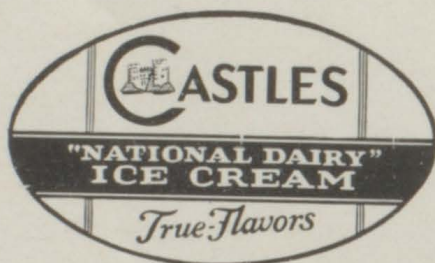
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